TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 21 | Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West | TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 6, 1909 | TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. | Whole No. 1109

THE FRONT PAGE

ONS, melons, melons! No; this is not midsummer. I was merely thinking of the corporate financial and wondering when the public was going to get Melons only grow ripe for us when there is a autumn in the air; but for the financier, bless his there is no season without them. They are just as and sweet in stormy, windy March as they are in ember, and just as acceptable, no doubt.

But as I said before, where do the public—the people get on? Well, as a matter of fact the populace don't enter the melon patch at this season; not unless the gentle- to preside over the destinies of the nation at Ottawa can be made to see things. Hardly a week goes by but the financial columns of our daily papers announce that some great corporation, bearing a Dominion, a provincial or a municipal charter, has sliced off a bit of luscious financial fruit for the benefit of its stockholders. The most recent offender in the melon cutting business is the Canadian Pacific Railway, and being larger than any of its brothers in the green grocery business, has naturally attracted more attention. The C.P.R. wishes to expend $50,000,000 upon its lines, and the management proposes to issue this new stock at par value to its shareholders, thus giving them the benefit of the difference between the $100 per share and what the stock will bring in the open market. How many millions' profit this will give the stockholders is no particular concern of ours. It will amount to a good many millions in any event. But that is neither here nor there. There is, however, a great principle involved in this transaction, but somehow our friends at Ottawa cannot be made to see it. Who altered Borden's telegram? who freed Bill Minor? who stole Bill Brady's pants? and other town pump questions are more in their line. One is tempted to suggest a course in political economy.

However, here is a great railway, dealt with most liberally by the Governments of Canada, as all railways have been in the Dominion. Millions upon millions have been poured into her treasury by the taxpayers, and many millions more have been given her in lands. Rights of way were handed out without stint or price. Municipalities have come forward with grants for terminals and hotels. If there is a corporation in existence better treated by the commonwealth I have yet to hear of it. But no one complains of this. As a colonizer the Canadian Pacific Railway has been the greatest factor in the land. It has done great work, and will continue so to do. But is not something now due the people who have carried this load all these years?

If stock for the required amount of funds was sold at public auction to the highest bidders—distributed for sale as it would be in such an event in the various centres of Canada—the Canadian Pacific Railway would get its $50,000,000 by the sale of something like one-third less stock than by the present methods. This would obviously mean a large saving in interest to the company and would eventually prove of interest to the people at large. How pernicious the present method is proving may be gathered by the fact that within the last few years a select coterie of stockholders have benefited in this melon cutting process to the extent of upward of $40,000,000; and now comes one which will add something like $35,000,000 more to it. Seventy-six millions in bonuses in less than seven years. This looks like a period of "high finance" in the Canadian railway world.

In the face of what Canadians have done as a people in bringing the Canadian Pacific up to its present state of development, there is much due them by the management of this railway. They demand and should receive the cheapest possible transportation for themselves and their goods, consistent with a fair profit. This is their right as silent partners in this great railway enterprise. The management of the Canadian Pacific should keep in mind the fact that public service enterprises—all public service enterprises—are heritages from the people; that these legacies are to a great extent held in trust, at least to the extent of the country's contribution, both direct and indirect; and that it is only when the country is served justly that the managers of these corporations are fulfilling their obligations.

The elimination of this system of special dividends, bonuses, or by whatever name they may be called, would work no hardship to the legitimate investor. The real investor, not the stock gambler mind you, looks to it that his securities shall bring in a regular yearly return, and he reckons not upon the golden apples which in after years fall into his lap. In other words the investor gets his money's worth in the regular way, and he has no melons in view when he buys his stocks. A generation ago the United States possessed a railway king who made a specialty of wrecking railways and cutting melons. His name was Jay Gould and the name yet stinks in the nostrils of the public. Following along in the next generation of railway men came one named Harriman and it was mainly to drive him from the realms of "high finance" that the State of New York created a public service commission whose business it is to see to it that when stocks and bonds are sold the proceeds go into the treasury of the road and not into the pockets of stockholders, and stock gamblers.

Canadians have no desire to see the methods of the Harrimans and the Goulds duplicated in this country. We have burdens sufficient as it is without taking upon our shoulders the modern financial fanaticisms of the United States. Let us proceed, if we may, by old fashioned methods, which in this instance means that when a railway sells its stocks all the proceeds, every cent, are to go into the company's treasury. Every dollar of needless expenditure upon a railway system must sooner or later be paid for by the public. When the executive management of a railway like the Canadian Pacific orders an issue of stock, the profits on which amount to upward of thirty millions of dollars, then they should be held accountable, for we have a live interest in this thirty odd millions; an interest greater than the magnates at the Montreal general offices appear to give us credit for.

***

TO the masthead of a ship called Old Doctrine a clergyman of the old school has nailed his flag. Now comes a clergyman of the younger school,—one of the men of to-day—and he assaults this ship and this flag. There is consternation and argument in this city of Toronto, and the questions involved are discussed throughout the length and breadth of churchdom.

The situation is not novel. Periodically through all its days the church has had to face it. The heretic of to-day is the churchman of to-morrow. Most of us can remember a time when a literal hell, with its fire and eternal torments, was very real, and as children many of us turned uneasily in our beds wondering if this awful "thing" was to be ours. But a generation slipped away, and with it hell went out of fashion. Another milestone had been reached. We have gone a long way since Jonathan Edwards discovered "Why the Saints in Glory Should Rejoice at the Sufferings of the Damned," or since the pious Michael Wigglesworth assigned children to the "easiest room in hell," because they would have been bad anyhow had they lived. But we are still moving, and will continue to move. Whether or not the Rev. Dr. Carman and the Rev. Dr. Jackson continue to disagree as to the literal truth of the first eleven chapters of Genesis is of no concern to the average mortal. The religion of man is a deeper, better thing than this. If not, then it must fall by the wayside and something will be found to take its place. Man has attained a standard of reason in this beautiful world of ours where he *will* think for himself. He may be whipped into line for a time, but it cannot last. It cannot last in an age where moral and mental uplift are known to be better things than church doctrines.

Since the Dark Ages the church has moved steadily forward—slowly, clumsily and sometimes stupidly, but it *has* moved. The church punished the heretic who announced the world's motion. It did many heartless, cruel things in the name of orthodoxy. But these days are passed. We live in an enlightened age. We are free to believe what we like. We therefore reject a dogma which we cannot parallel with scientific knowledge, and this, it appears, is what the Rev. Dr. Jackson has done.

What this work-a-day world of ours cries out for is a live, human, warm religion; not a religion of fear, but one of love. The world wants a religion, not a dogma. A religion which takes the outcast from the street, gives warm underclothing to the less fortunate, and good food to those who need it. We want a religion of education; something that teaches men to help themselves. The men and women of the world care nothing as to whether the first eleven chapters of Genesis are of divine origin or not, or whether the sun stood still at Joshua's command. These are matters for the old-time churchmen and the scientists to fight out between themselves. They don't bother us, and they won't, either in this world or the next.

***

THE sooner the Toronto Street Railway inaugurates a pay-as-you-enter car system the better. The old pass-the-box-tread-on-your-feet idea has outlived its usefulness, both from the public's and the company's standpoint. Practical experience in other cities goes to show that the pay-as-you-enter system not only gives more comfort to the passenger and more money to the company, but most important of all eliminates to a great degree the liability of accident. Nine accidents out of ten could be avoided if the conductor was on the platform where he belongs; had elbow room and an unobstructed view of the steps and the entrance. This the pay-as-you-enter car gives. By the present method a car wanders along aimlessly, much like a ship without a rudder. The helmsman instead of being at the helm has wandered away forward somewhere in an endeavor to abstract a nickel from some passenger's pocket. Another feature which must appeal is the adaptability of this system for the quick loading and unloading of its living freight. With two exits and one entrance a very large number of people can be disposed of in a remarkably short time, and that with the greatest comfort for those both going and coming. The one thing which you must get accustomed to, however, is having your ticket or your change ready. For a time the women passengers with shopping bags and purses inside will find this a hardship, and I predict that many sharp letters on the subject will find their way into the papers. But this will pass away in time and then we'll all be happy.

***

AS an ocular demonstration of how not to do things the City Council which presides over the destinies of Montreal is highly recommended for first honors. So badly have they managed to mix up civic affairs in that centre that it would appear absurd if it were not almost tragic. Just now the better element is attempting a civic house-cleaning; the turning out of the petty grafter and the manacling of the municipal yeggman. As a start the citizens demand a Royal Commission and a smaller City Council. For years, so many years that it is hard to recollect when conditions were really different, this great business centre has been in the hands of a group of grafters. These men looked to it that their friends got all the jobs available, and when there were no jobs they proceeded to make some. At all times there were certain aldermen who stood around with a hand-out. The specialty of these men was holding up corporations possessing civic franchises, and which perchance desired smooth sailing for their various enterprises. It was always easy to tell when these corporations closed their tills against the aldermen or shut the door upon the opulent middleman, for at that precise moment there would be talk in the Council Chamber about this or that corporation infringing the people's rights and like bluster which no one took seriously, least of all the man who pronounced it.

The English voter and the English taxpayer lives in Montreal largely on sufferance. That is to say, he pays upward of seventy per cent. of the taxes, but in the City Council he is a live factor to about the same extent as is the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature. He may make a noise, but that is about all. The French-Canadian citizen outvotes him three to one, for this is about the proportion between French and English in Montreal's population. The Aldermanic Board now consists of forty-two members, and out of this number the English-Canadians have a total of twelve seats. It is, therefore, obvious that they are in a minority on every committee, for heads count on election day, and not property qualifications. For instance, on the Finance Committee, the most important body in the civic government—through it passes all recommendations pertaining to expenditures—the English community is represented by two members and the French-Canadians hold down five seats. The English element was formerly represented by three members on this committee, but after deep and thoughtful consideration it was concluded that two would do just as well; and perhaps they were right. However, there is little fault to be found with this particular committee, for it appears to be about the only one which has as a whole maintained a reputation for honesty and clean dealings.

Now the better element of Montreal's taxpayers are fighting to have this Council of forty-two reduced by half. The argument put forward on behalf of this reduction is that they may be able to watch twenty-one men more closely and effectively than the present forty-two; and that if there must be petty larceny in civic affairs then it is better to reduce the chances by having only half as many men to watch. Not a high moral attitude it must be admitted, but under the circumstances it is probably the best that can be done. But even here there are some doubts of accomplishing anything, for so far a majority of the aldermen have raised objection to legislating themselves out of office, and it is a question whether an appeal can be made to the Quebec Legislature with the consent of Council itself. However, it is quite likely that Premier Gouin, who is conversant with existing conditions, will manage to override the decree of Montreal's governing body and turn them out with the aid of the Legislative body over which he presides. There is no intention here to hold the French-Canadian citizen of Montreal up to ridicule, but rather to make a plain statement of fact. There are in that centre thousands upon thousands of high-minded, clean-living French-Canadian gentlemen who would be an ornament to any city, but unfortunately they are not largely represented in the Montreal City Council, though even in that body there are some notable exceptions to this rule of graft. The difficulty is that for years the City Council of Montreal has been dominated by a clique of French-Canadian politicians whose bread, butter and preserves depends upon their either holding office or having control of those who do. It is time that the better element—French and English-Canadians—worked together in team harness, and ousted these corruptionists to the last man, and I am of the opinion that the time has about arrived.

***

THE other day a Toronto man handed his son (under 16 years) a cigarette. Whether the boy smoked it or not does not appear in the evidence; but anyhow the father was brought into court for the "crime"; was fined six dollars and costs and went his way. This looks to me like legislation run mad. The father's plea that it was better to give his boys clean cigarettes than have them pick up "butts" on the streets is a reasonable argument. If the boy was determined to smoke cigarettes the father, it seems to me, took a far more sensible view of the situation than did the law under which he was arrested and fined. Too much law is worse than too little.

***

THE success which Manitoba has attained with her provincial telephone system has no doubt much to do with the present negotiations between the Bell Telephone Company and the Government of Saskatchewan over the purchase of that corporation's system in this newer province. When Manitoba was about to take over the Bell Telephone's system and the matter came up for final ratification at a special meeting of the stockholders of the latter corporation, these stockholders one and all shook their heads and said "wait and see." When the Alberta lines were about to be turned over to that province the stockholders met again; and again they shook their heads and said "wait and see." But a new province, like a new broom, sweeps clean, and now Saskatchewan wants to try its hand. The chances are that in the long run the Bell Company will sell out. They will get their price, however, and retire from the field as gracefully as possible. Indeed, it is the only thing left for them to do, for in the face of real competition by the Government of a province, it leaves a corporation little to go and come on.

KING EDWARD VII. OPENING PARLIAMENT IN STATE.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The experiment of public ownership of telephones, telegraphs and like utilities is comparatively new to the Dominion of Canada, and just how it will work out ultimately is a subject which should interest us all, for theoretically it is, of course, the only true system. If the Western provinces can succeed in keeping clear of the objectionable political features which work themselves, snake-like, into the departments of our Government at Ottawa, then the bold westerner will have accomplished something worth while. Government ownership of telephones in Manitoba has so far proved an unqualified success, even to the point of reducing rates to a substantial degree. But flesh is human and therefore weak, and we shall see what we shall see in the days to come.

∴

SHOULD married lady teachers be induced to remain in the public schools? A recent squabble in the School Board over the resignation of such a teacher has called public attention to this question, and it is one which really deserves some little consideration. Mr. H. C. Wells, who is a thinker as well as a teller of marvellous tales, has made a strong plea for the married school teacher in his "Mankind in the Making." He points out that unmarried teachers are lacking in experience of a very important nature, and that this inexperience is a great handicap to them in their treatment of the children entrusted to their care. It leads, according to him, to a morbid sensitiveness in sexual matters, which must be harmful to the children; and he goes so far as to lay down the rule that all school teachers should be married. Nor is he alone in this opinion. On the contrary, it is widely accepted in England, where inducements are offered to married women to teach in the schools, as was pointed out in the discussion of the School Board. This argument seems to be a very strong one, and it is doubtful if it can be outweighed by the considerations to be brought on the other side, such as married teachers having outside interests which would draw them away from their duties in the school. Naturally, if such outside interests became so great in certain cases as to make it impossible for the teacher to fulfil properly her task in the school, the only thing would be for her to resign. Otherwise, however, it seems that a teacher's being married means simply a wider experience and greater efficiency on her part, which should make her all the more valuable to the school.

∴

IF one should rejoice at the spiritual progress of an individual, how much more so at that of a great city! Therefore it is with feelings of deep pleasure that I call attention to the fact that Montreal is making great strides in virtue. The latest manifestation of a moral uplift there is the announcement that a rigid censorship is to be enforced in all matters of art, especially dramatic art. But while the stage is to receive particular attention, the painters and sculptors and book-writers whose fancy lightly turns to *dishabille* are not to escape. All art, and this naturally includes picture-postals, has been brought under the eagle eye and iron hand of the censor.

In view of this rather elaborate programme of censorship—they are nothing if not thorough in Montreal—one is naturally rather curious as to the identity of a gentleman who is to have such a responsibility placed on him. It is no slight task to look after the artistic morals of a metropolis, and the labors of such a censor would be apt to make ancient Hercules look worried. One shudders at the thought of the large experience of men, the wide culture, the cool judgment, and the exquisite tact necessary to carry out such a task with any measure of success or general satisfaction. Where could such a man be found? This would be a difficult problem in almost any city in the world. But in Montreal these matters are all simplified. They appoint a policeman. Captain Landriault, of the headquarters staff, is the new *censor morum*.

Talking of the humors of censorship, it seems that a burlesque of the patriotic play, "An Englishman's Home," was to have been put on in London at the Apollo Theatre. But Mr. Censor stepped in and forbade the performance. It was only an eight-minute act, and from all accounts was perfectly harmless on moral and political grounds. In fact it was not even guilty of excessive humor. It turned on the large alien population of London and other cities in England. The captain of the invaders bursting into the Englishman's home finds his long lost uncle. "What have you come for?" asks uncle. "To take England," says nephew. "Too late," says uncle, "we took it long ago." Now this sort of stuff seems to be about as harmless as weak gruel. But who is the manager of the Apollo Theatre to take liberties with the classics—especially a recruiting classic? There are some subjects which ill brook jesting, thinks His Censorship; whereupon he proceeds to perpetrate one of the biggest jokes of his silly career.

∴

MR. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, writes me from Ottawa concerning the Western newspaper liar, and the absurd despatches which have from time to time appeared in the press of Eastern Canada and the United States. It appears that the prize Ananias, the simon pure libel manufacturer, whose specialty is defamation, calumny and slander as regards climatic conditions in the West, hails from Winnipeg. Trains tunneling their way through snowdrifts in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and homesteaders by the hundred buried in their huts, and forced to dig exits through thirty feet of drifted snow, appear from Mr. Scott's letter, to be a specialty of this writer. Mr. Scott at the same time goes on to state that in the provinces mentioned there has been less snow than usual this winter. The gifted author of this stuff should first be sent to jail and then hired out as a Yankee circus advance agent. His talents are not appreciated in Canada.

∴

A MURDER mystery, when it contains elements of romance, appeals to a people as few things do. High and low, big and small, everyone is carrying around under their hats the only true solution of the Hamilton murder case. There are almost as many theories as there are people. In the Kinrade case are the elements of a plot such as would have appealed to Edgar Allan Poe. The question is, can the detective department unfold the mystery as did our old friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Some day the solution of this case may make as interesting reading as did the "Sign of the Four."

THE COLONEL.

Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., on Tuesday unveiled at St. Paul's Cathedral a memorial to the late Sir William Howard Russell, the great war correspondent whose despatches from "the front" during the Crimean War did so much to ameliorate the hardships and sufferings of the British soldiers who took part in that memorable campaign. The bust, which is a splendid likeness of the famous journalist, is the work of Mr. Bertram MacKennal, the newly-elected A.R.A.

Dem Good Ole Tam.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

DAT tam four hundred year ago,
I tella you was happy days;
Before ole Chris Colomb cam' 'roun'
Dey had you beata forty ways.

Een dose good tam I hear dem say
Da husban' he was happy man,
He donta have to work like blaze—
Hook Princess Gown, you understan'.

Eef you want jag, you go get drunk,
Dere are no pleece, no Lice Inspect;
Dey don' have Brandy Cherry den,
Dey are not need I don' expect.

Dat tam, eef man want 'nuther wife,
He go an' get her, juste lak dat;
He nevaire talk Affinity,
No need for speaka tru da hat.

Eef he want ride, he jump on horse,
He put da feet een stirrup strap;
But now you holda by da han'
For fear should fall een someone lap.

I tall you what eet ees, signor,
Dem was da Good Ole Tam for sure
When Dagoman firs' fin' dis lan'—
I weesh dey would come back some more.

Stories Told of Lord Northcote.

APROPOS of Lord Northcote's name being mentioned as a probable successor to Earl Grey in Canada, it may be noted that his lordship was once made curious use of while Governor-General of Australia. Strolling one night through an avenue of sombre trees to a friend's house to dinner, he was suddenly pounced upon by a maidservant, who kissed him effusively and pressed a little parcel into his hand.

"Here's a sausage for you. I can't come out to-night, as master has company," she whispered, and as mysteriously disappeared.

When he got to the house, he found one of his servants loitering by the gate.

"What are you doing here?" asked Lord Northcote.

"I'm waiting for my sweetheart," the man stammered.

"Where is she?"

"In service here."

"Ah, then I am right Here is a sausage from your sweetheart, and she wishes me to tell you that she cannot come out to-night, as her master has company."

Seeing that the man looked nervous, he added kindly:

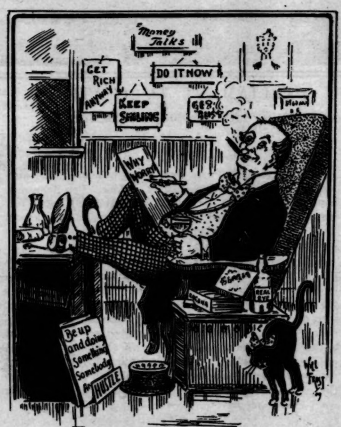
"She also gave me a kiss for you; but perhaps you would rather wait until you see her. Here is five shillings instead."

An enterprising newspaper reporter who once happened to be holidaying at the same seaside resort as Lord Northcote took the occasion by the hand by asking for some advice on a policy his paper proposed to adopt.

"Advice I am always chary of," said his lordship. "It is so chea, so easy. I remember some years ago watching a boy pushing a heavy cart up a hill. The hill was steep; the boy thin. He bent forward at the work till he was almost horizontal. 'Push it up zig-zag,' I cried, 'and you will find it will go much easier.'

"The boy snarled back: 'Not so much of yer bloom'n' advice. Come and give's a shove.'"

A series of lectures on occult philosophy are to be given shortly at the Women's Art Association, 594 Jarvis street, by Mr. Charles Lazenby, a member of the staff of the Psychological Department at Toronto University. The first lecture, "Myths and Magic," will be given on March 2 at 4.15 in the afternoon. The others will follow at the same hour every Tuesday. The subjects are: "Consciousness and its Vehicles," "The Origin of Religions," "The World's Great Scriptures," "Theosophy," and "Symbolism and Evolution."



The Motto-Maker.

IT'S a fellow on the waggon
Writes the finest drinking song,
And a good old faithful hubby
Whose sly jests do women wrong.
Grafters always speak of honor,
Just as cowards stand for pluck;
And you pick successful fellows
By their growling at their luck.

But the worst of all these bluffers
Is the frenzied motto-fiend;
Under good advice he's buried,
While with cards his walls are screened.
He's a grouch and writes "Keep smiling,"
Says "Get rich," but can't see how;
And his days are spent in dreaming
'Neath the placard, "Do it now."

POD.

Lord Alverstone Talks on Publicity.

IN London the other day Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, made a speech at the Sphinx Club on the question of "Publicity in Journalism." The connection of Lord Alverstone's name with this subject is something to make Canadians smile. Perhaps the publicity the Chief Justice received in Canadian journalism some time ago had something to do with his remarks. However, some of them are worth quoting.

He recognized the absolute necessity in these days of the Press, whether from the point of view of public knowledge or from the point of view of business. He had no objection at all to advertisement, but he referred to certain abuses which might properly be described as some evils of publicity.

He did consider that the publication and publicity given to the proceedings of the divorce court was a public evil. He could quite understand that, from a business point of view, the newspapers were obliged to meet the wishes of their readers, but he would like to see the leading journals of the day make a stand and say, "We will not publish these details."

His experience for twelve and a half years as Attorney-General, having to do the work of King's Proctor, was that the harm done by the knowledge of what could be done in the divorce court and what could be obtained from its procedure was far greater than most people knew. To his mind there was no journal which would not ultimately gain credit if its managers said: "We will not publish one single detail beyond the names of the parties, which should be published in the interests of justice."

While he recognized the freedom of the Press and the desirability of the dissemination of honest, genuine, non-malicious announcement, he also regretted that in the present day there was a craving for publicity by people who had really nothing to merit notice by the public. All they desired was to see their name in the papers. He desired to cultivate those reunions where conversations on interesting subjects took place with absolute freedom, and where questions of the day were debated in a way which would lead to steps being taken to repress evils or introduce improvements. Above all, he desired that our life might not be a hurrying race from one thing to another, with the certainty that what we did would be announced in some paper next morning. He wished to see further opportunities for meditation and thought, and the production of something which would not only be of interest to those of the present day, but might leave useful literary monuments to those who came afterwards.

Reminiscences of Rosetti.

ROSSETTI'S fondness for ham and eggs, and the inaccurate stories that have arisen from that fondness, have recently called forth a letter from a writer no less distinguished than Mr. George Meredith. The story that Mr. Meredith left the painter-poet's house at Chelsea because he could not stand the appearance of Rossetti's breakfast, has been told so often that it has come to be accepted, but (to quote from Modern Society, London) the novelist now declares it to be absurd. "What I must have said to some friend," writes Mr. Meredith, "was that Rossetti's habits were ominous for his health and I mentioned the plate of thick ham and fried eggs taken at once on his descent from his bedroom."

Mr. Meredith, of course, refers to the time when he shared Tudor House, Chelsea, with Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne—surely the most remarkable triumvirate that ever lodged together! It came about in this way: Rossetti, after the tragic death of his wife, was offered the tenancy of an ancient house in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea—the house that became, after the death of the artist, the home of that popular preacher, the Rev. H. R. Haweis. The house, said to be the one that Thackeray describes in "Esmond" as the home of the old Countess of Chelsey, dated from the time of Anne or the first of the Georges, and its spacious rooms and large neglected garden, shut in by a high wall, appeared to Rossetti an ideal place to live and paint in.

But it was too large, and the rent was rather beyond the pocket of Rossetti, whose popularity was not then assured. So he invited his friends, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Algernon Swinburne, to live there and share the household expenses. They were to dine together; but each was to have his separate sitting-room. This remarkable partnership did not work as ideally as it might have done, and Mr. Meredith was the first to sever himself from the Rossetti connection, though not, as he now makes clear, from objections to the artist's too ample breakfasts. Mr. Swinburne remained much longer, and while Rossetti was painting his strangely individual pictures in the studio of Tudor House, Swinburne was writing in his own rooms the world-famous "Atalanta in Calydon."

Rossetti is such a poetic and imaginative painter that his possession of a gross appetite seems curiously out of place. To those who worship the soulful beauties so often depicted on the canvases of Rossetti it must be a shock to read what Dr. Hake says of their creator's habits. Dr. Hake, poet and physician, who was for some years on most intimate terms with the artist, says of him: "As a domestic trait, I would mention that Rossetti was very hearty at all times over his meals. He would wear out three knives and forks to my one; and to me, whose breakfast seldom exceeded one cup of coffee, his plate of bacon, surrounded by eggs that overlapped the rim, was amazing."

Dr. Hake was the anonymous author of a romance that had influenced Rossetti strongly when he was a boy art student, and when the two men came together, twenty-five years later, they soon found that they had many points in common. When, in 1872, Rossetti's fine intellect first showed signs of breaking down, Dr. Hake offered to take him to his house at Roehampton, and the artist's brother has recorded the story of the long and dismal cab journey from Chelsea.

Rossetti thought all the time that someone was ringing a bell on the top of the cab, and abused the driver for doing it. It was the eve of Whit Sunday, and there were many gipsy vans and other vehicles on the Roehampton road, and Rossetti, convinced that their drivers were hostile to him, was with difficulty restrained from running after and quarrelling with them. There was dreadful trouble with Rossetti at Roehampton, and almost a tragedy, but Dr. Hake stood by his friend, who recovered, and lived for nine or ten years, in which period some of his best pictures were painted.

The German Emperor is not above playing an occasional practical joke. Once while with some guests on a boar-hunt tramping through a wood, he met a rural policeman. "My good fellow," said the Kaiser, "you seem to be very suspicious. Perhaps you think I haven't a license?" And from his pocket he produced the document, duly signed and stamped. "Now," he continued, "you had better ask all the other gentlemen for theirs." Not one of the party possessed a license, and each had to pay fine before a magistrate.

WM. STITT & Co.
11-13 KING STREET EAST
Just to hand: Broadcloths, Cheviots, Homespuns, Serges, and all the newest designs in Cloth Goods for Ladies' Tailor Made Gowns, both in coloring and texture. We have also the Spring books, containing the latest styles from the European Markets.
We are prepared to give our customers careful and prompt attention. If they could place their orders now it would avoid the rush during the busy Season.
A new Corset called La Adria for giving the slight, stylish, slender effect will be to hand in a few days.
"Note the Address"
11-13 King St. E., - Toronto

CUT OUT FRIEZE DECORATIONS
The demand for this style of decoration is ever increasing, we have them in great variety. Original and decorative d signs in pleas ; colorin s
We also have the proper kind of sidewalls to use with "Cut out Decorations" in great profusion. Chambrays, plain or striped; Jaspers, plain and figured; silk stripes and plain hangings, and both sidewalls and decorations are very modest in price.
Estimates furnished for Painting and Decorating in all its branches.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Facts You Should Know

Special 35c Luncheon in our celebrated Table d'Hote Room every business day from 11.30 to 2.30 p.m.
Our Orchestra will render a select musical programme.
Reservations by phoning the ST. CHARLES.
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

THE "SAVOY"
(YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.)
Choice Chocolates and Bon Bons
Ice Cream, Coffee, Cocoa, etc.
Japanese Tea Room
for Afternoon Teas, Luncheons, etc.
Special Lunch
every day, 12 till 2, for busy people.
Try it. Open evenings till 11 o'clock.

A Ball, Reception or Cotillion
McConkey's Assembly Rooms
admitted the best in Toronto.
For Particulars Phone Main 620

SPECIAL ORDERS FOR JEWELRY
receive at our hands close and intelligent attention. Everything with our firm must be perfectly satisfactory to customers.
WANLESS & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

FORD'S CHOCOLATES and BONBONS
Made the Day They Are Sold.
Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth, melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma. Send for our special dollar box, which we forward by mail or express, prepaid, to any point in Canada. Small sample box sent for 30c. in stamps.
FORD'S, 83 KING ST. WEST
Phone Main 536.

INVESTMENTS

suitable for

Trustees and Executors

Correspondence Invited.

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.

7 King St. East, Toronto

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

Life Department

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

27-29 Wellington St. East.

Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON
Toronto General Agents.

GENERAL Accident FIRE and Life ASSURANCE CORPORATION

LIMITED

Capital $1,000,000

CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Chairman
D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Chairman
T. H. HALL, Manager

Toronto Agents:
SZELISKI & McLEAN,
22 Toronto St.

EUROPE SEVENTY TOURS

All travelling expenses included

$150 to $1195

Printed Program on application.
Independent Tickets everywhere.

THOS. COOK & SON

25 Adelaide St. East,
TORONTO

Cook's Travellers' Cheques are good all over the world

MONTREAL OFFICE:
530 St. Catherine Street West

TRIP TO EUROPE, via Mediterranean

6th Annual Tour of Miss Helen Mathews now being arranged, to sail April 29th. Miss Mathews, besides having the ability and experience to fit her for the undertaking, is also a graduate nurse. Miss HELEN C. MATHEWS, 185 Gerrard St. E. Phone M. 452.

Nanton Apartments

Nanton Crescent, Rosedale

The most complete and best finished 4, 5 and 6-room housekeeping apartments in Toronto. Suites from $30.00 to $60.00. For particulars apply to Janitor on the premises.

Phone Nanton Apartments, North 1790

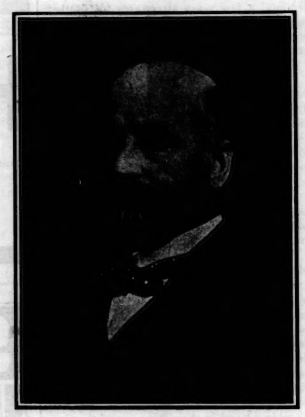
THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL, March 4.

THORNTON DAVIDSON is the latest addition to the membership of the Montreal Stock Exchange. His application was accepted a few weeks ago, and he, now, along with the other gladiators of the pit, helps make that impressive silence which the habitue of the gallery has been listening to recently. Newspaper men who used to pay attention to the Seawanhaka races, will recall the name Thornton Davidson. He was one of Duggan's famous crew which for years walloped Yankees, Englishmen, other Canadians, and all and sundry who ventured to contest upon Lake St. Louis the supremacy of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club as designers, builders and sailors of small yachts. He served his apprenticeship before the mast, and, being a steady, hard working and honest sort of a boy, would no doubt, in the course of time, have become first mate, or something of that kind. But the Yankees came up here a few years ago with a boat which made our finest look like a stone hooker, and incidentally diverted our attention from the high seas for a period and made the life of a sailor odious.

His first experience in the brokerage business was gained with the firm of George B. Hopkins & Co., of New York, he having gone with that firm from the Bank of Montreal, where he was previously employed. While in New York he made his prowess felt in the St. Nicholas Hockey Club, of that city, having been a close student of the tricks of the trade as practiced in Montreal during his experience as a member of the Victoria Hockey and Britannia football teams. His father, Mr. Justice Davidson, and his brother, Mr. Peers Davidson, K.C., are among the best known of the legal fraternity of Montreal, and his father-in-law, Mr. Charles Hays, runs a couple of railways in Canada.



MR. F. L. WANKLYN,
Vice-President and General Manager of the Dominion Coal Company.

⁂

Passing It Over.

Every now and again something occurs to shock Canadians back into consciousness for a period and make them wonder if it would not be advisable to change their brand of pipe. No one could ask for a finer chance to make money—and anyone uninterested in money had better give up reading these columns—than has been and is being furnished by Cobalt, Montreal River, Gowganda, Sudbury and other sections of Canada where the gifts of the gods were concentrated when this old world was in the making. Canadians, however, were not overly keen in finding this out, and have been passing the chances over to others.

⁂

Asbestos Deposits.

The Montreal Stock Exchange, last week, gave evidence that another area of enrichment at our doors was being exploited by some one. Practically only one stock gave evidence of strength, and, this one, in spite of dullness and the general downward course of the market, blossomed forth into comparative activity and quickly ran up to higher levels. "Asbestos" was the stock—British-Canadian Asbestos—and from 77 at the beginning of the week, the price advanced to 88 at the closing. Vague rumors have been heard about this stock lately, and, by the time this article appears, fuller particulars may be known. Meantime it would seem that interests closely identified with the land to the south of the international boundary line have, for some time past, been quietly looking over our asbestos deposits in the Province of Quebec, and that they have now corraled the greater portion of it. The asbestos company which had the advance last week, it would appear, was the successor of the American Asbestos Company, of which our old friend, H. M. Whitney, who helped bestow upon us the priceless gift of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, was president. He, and a number of United Statesers, together with some Scotchmen and a sprinkling of Canadians, have now on foot a new scheme. They are about completing a merger which will embrace other asbestos companies of this province and will own the greater portion of the best asbestos area and control about 65 per cent. of the output of that mineral in Canada. The presiding genius would seem to be Mr. H. H. Melville, a director of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, and a man who evidently knows a good thing when he sees it, as shown by his judgment in his capacity as a prominent organizer of the Shawinigan Company, and also of the Great Northern Railway Company. The latter was later sold to the Canadian Northern. William Mackenzie, whose connection with the C. N. R. is daily in evidence, is also a director of the Shawinigan Company. It is said that the Scotchmen who are identified with the asbestos merger are interested close to the Bank of Scotland, and that that bank has had very friendly associations with the Shawinigan Company. J. E. Aldred is president of the latter company, and J. N. Greenshields, K.C., is a director and both these names are mentioned in connection with the asbestos deal. The Shawinigan Company is supplying power to the asbestos mines of this province. So there's your connection. It's only gossip, so far—pretty well founded gossip, perhaps, but still gossip. But the point is: what have we been doing? We didn't see the chance for the railway—or if we did it didn't worry us. We did see the water running over the falls; let it run, say we, water likes to run and we have lots of it. But it didn't seem to suggest practical things to us. Now, the other fellows own the falls and we are paying them every day for the light they give us. And soon we will be paying them long prices for asbestos. We could have owned those mines; bought them for a song. But we didn't. Well, asbestos is constantly becoming more valuable. It will be terribly valuable *Hereafter*—it is fireproof.

MONTREAL

TORONTO, March 4.

A SHAREHOLDER in several of our banks, after looking over a list of annual reports, said to the writer: "It is all nonsense to assume that the net profits of Canadian banks are as small as these reports indicate. Many of the banks whose headquarters are in Toronto make profits of at least 25 per cent. on their capital in a single year. Comparatively speaking, our banks hold a small proportion of their reserves in cash. They have access to the large money markets across the border, and but a limited amount of their resources are idle. Even those banks that do not lend out any or but a limited amount of their surpluses in the shape of "call" loans, manage to accumulate large profits. The interest allowed on time deposits being only 3 per cent., while discount rates range from 5 1-2 to 7 per cent., the profits must necessarily be large. Of the total amount of money on deposit in Canadian banks, which is unusually large, from 25 to 30 per cent, of it does not bear any interest whatever. The profits on such deposits are therefore 3 per cent. in excess of the profits on time or savings account deposits. The large bank reserves must also be reckoned with. Many of the old banks have "rest" funds equal to the amount of paid-up capital; and a profit of say 10 per cent. on this combined amount is equivalent to a profit of 20 per cent. on paid-up capital. In some cases the "rest" is even more than 100 per cent. of paid-up capital, in which case a profit of 10 per cent. on the capital resources of such a bank means much more than 20 per cent. on the actual paid-up capital of the bank. Then there is the note circulation, which practically costs the bank nothing, not to say anything of the collections, exchange, etc. It is no wonder that bank charters are so valuable.

"Some years ago," said our informant, "shareholders of a certain bank were told by the president at the annual meeting that 18 per cent. had been made on capital. This was thought very good, but two or three of the directors informed him later that the profits that year were fully 25 per cent." Writing off for depreciation in bank premises is a common form of hiding profits. Even when the real estate market is active and when appreciation in values is going on, annual reports of banks would not be complete unless $20,000 or $40,000 or $50,000 had been written off bank premises for depreciation. Certainly, it would not do to let the public into the secrets of the business. Banking is a profitable thing, and the old-established institutions naturally try to keep the field to themselves.

⁂

Banking Profits.

The profits of Canadian banks in 1908, according to annual reports, were hardly as large as in 1907. We will give the percentage of profits in individual cases, but as our friend says, they are of no account, and mean little even in a comparison. Everyone keeping tab on the trade and financial situations in Canada naturally expected banking profits to be less in 1908 than in 1907. But so small were the reduced profits (1-2 of 1 per cent.) that business people wondered. The inference of outsiders is that very large amounts were written off or hidden from view in the banner year of 1907, while much smaller sums were concealed last year. Here are some of the percentages of profits: The Royal Bank shows the greatest profits, amounting to 19.15 per cent. on paid-up capital in 1908 as compared with 19.03 per cent. in 1907. This bank's profits on capital and "rest" combined last year were 9.01 per cent. as against 8.95 in 1907. Bank of Nova Scotia was the second largest earner; net profits on capital in 1908 were 18.65 per cent. as against 22.72 per cent. in the previous year. On capital and "rest" combined the Nova Scotia made 6.66 per cent. in 1908 as against 8.26 per cent. in 1907. The Bank of New Brunswick earned 18.72 per cent. on capital last year as against 18.80 per cent. in 1907, whereas on combined capital and rest, earnings in 1908 were 6.86 per cent. as against 6.99 in 1907. The Standard Bank's earnings on capital in 1908 were at the rate of 17.94 per cent. as compared with 17.82 per cent. in 1907. This bank's net profits on capital and rest in 1908 were at the rate of 8.66 per cent. as against 8.61 per cent. the previous year. Molson's Bank net profits on capital in 1908 were 17.66 per cent. as against 15.83 per cent. in 1907, and its profits on combined paid-up capital and rest 8.83 per cent. in 1908 as against 7.96 per cent. in 1907. The Bank of Commerce showed net profits on capital in 1908 of 16.27 per cent. as against 17.52 per cent. in 1907. On capital and rest, this bank's profits in 1908 were 10.85 per cent. as against 11.68 per cent. in 1907. The Dominion Bank's net profits on capital last year were 16.19 per cent. as compared with 17.61 per cent. in 1907, whereas its profits on capital and rest combined in 1908 were 7.20 per cent. as against 7.77 per cent. the previous year. The Western Bank's net profits on capital in 1908 were 15.99 per cent. as against 15.20 per cent. in 1907; on combined capital and rest, profits in 1908 were 10.38 per cent. as against 9.85 in the previous year. The Bank of Toronto's net earnings on capital in 1908 were 14.55 per cent. as compared with 14.71 per cent. in 1907; net profits on capital and rest in 1908 were 6.85 per cent. as against 6.92 per cent. in 1907. The Bank of Hamilton earned 14.58 per cent. on capital in 1908 as against 15.57 per cent. in 1907; and on capital and rest this bank earned 7.29 in 1908 as against 7.79 per cent. the previous year.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

Cor. Yonge and Gould
Cor. College and Casington
Cor. Queen and Spadina
West Toronto

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ISSUES

MONEY ORDERS

at low rates for any sum up to $50. Safe and convenient

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

OUR BRANCHES

It is often a convenience to business men to transact their banking with an institution operating a large number of Branches, spread over a wide territory, and located in the important business centres. The Northern Crown Bank has over seventy Branches throughout Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and Saskatchewan, and all important cities and towns are included in the list.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Toronto Office - - - - 34 King St. West

ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

Payable All Over The World

Money Paid by Telegraph or Cable

FOREIGN MONEY BOUGHT AND SOLD

GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,277,404.49

The newest that London has to offer—both in styles and materials.

IF YOU APPRECIATE

that ideal expression of the tailor's art, which succeeds in combining with a strict adherence to the latest modes just enough of the wearer's individual tastes to give "character" to the clothes—

you will do well to place your next order with us.

P. M. CLARK & SON

Tailors to Toronto's "Four Hundred."

95 KING STREET WEST.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Rest 5,000,000.00

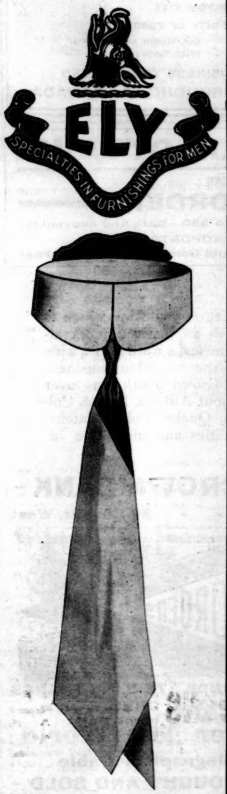
Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued, available in any part of the world.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank from date of deposit.

ELK LAKE, MONTREAL RIVER DISTRICT.

A Branch of the Bank has been opened at Elk Lake, under the management of Mr. A. H. Seguin, formerly Accountant at Cobalt Branch.



Novelty Neckwear

THE above illustration is from one of our late novelties in neckwear, made of Parisian Reppe in two contrasting tones of the same color. These are to be had in tones of grey, purple, green and blue. Price $1.50 each. This and other specialties shown by us cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Our stock is very complete in novelties, including ties made of London satins, very light and lustrous, English knitted ties in new weaves, handmade basket-woven silks and a handsome range of Parisian satin striped Reppe at $1.00 each.

We will be glad to send samples of our neckwear to out-of-town customers who find it inconvenient to visit our shop at this time.

King Edward Hotel
Toronto

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT. CAN.

BENGER'S Food

is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins and can be obtained through most wholesale Druggists and leading Drug Stores.

on capital in 1908 as compared with 13.75 per cent. in 19.07. This bank made 7.71 per cent. on capital and rest combined last year as against 7.80 per cent. in 1907. The Bank of Ottawa made 14.33 per cent. on capital last year as against 14.77 per cent. in 1907; and its earnings on capital and rest combined last year were 7.16 per cent. as against 7.39 per cent. the previous year.

***

C. P. R.'s Earnings.

The report of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the month of January was somewhat disappointing. While the gross earnings for the month were $4,761,860, an increase of $253,000 over the same month of last year, the net earnings were only $389,750 as compared with $623,992 in January of 1908, or a falling off of $234,242. Weather conditions as a rule were favorable, yet there was a large increase in working expenses. For some months past, the gross earnings of this road have been most satisfactory, but to say the least the net receipts have been disappointing. For the seven months of the present fiscal year, gross earnings increased about $50,000, while net earnings decreased $624,087. On the other hand, many of the leading railways of the United States have in recent months been doing remarkably well. Working expenses and charges have decreased; and although showing decreases in gross, there have been increases in net receipts. The Union Pacific, for instance, showed a decrease of $125,394 in gross for the seven months, while C. P. R. increased $50,000, but the first named road increased its net earnings by $4,823,506 for the same period, while the C. P. R.'s net decreased $624,087. Similar comparisons could be made with other American railways, such as the Southern Pacific, Southern Railway, etc. The weakness of C. P. R. stock in the face of a rising market for most railway shares is no doubt partly due to the unfavorable reports of net earnings.

***

Large Clearings.

The large increase in the clearings of the banks at Toronto for the two months of the current year, as compared with the previous year, is due chiefly to the large investment and speculative dealings on the Stock Exchange. The January banking returns show an augmentation in the call loans account, and the figures for the past month are likely to show a still greater increase. Easy money markets, with sound business conditions, will naturally stimulate speculation, but with uncertain commercial conditions prevailing, the investment in gilt-edged securities is usually a dominating principle. Consequently the investment demand to-day overshadows the speculative business. The increased clearings of the banks are the result of the larger transactions in securities; it is quite unnecessary to say that the business of the community is less than that of a year ago. In Toronto, bank clearings last month reached $99,793,885, a larger amount than for any previous February and 22 per cent. greater than for the 29 days of February in 1908.

Was Wilkes Booth Killed?

By PERCY ST. CLAIR HAMILTON

IS Wilkes Booth living or dead? Was he shot a few days after his insane assassination of Lincoln, or did he live for years in the South?

It seems hardly credible that there should still be a question on this point, but there is. Much was assumed at the time of the supposed death of Booth, but a coal-heaver's family could not collect the amount of a fraternal insurance policy on the dead husband and father to-day on such feeble proof as that of Booth's death. The circumstances of his end were related but not proved. The identification of the remains was practically never even attempted. The burial place of the corpse, or what became of it, if anybody knows, is still a secret of the War Department of the United States. All that does seem pretty well authenticated is that the story of his body having in after years been handed out to his relatives and reinterred in Baltimore or elsewhere is absolutely without foundation.

Among the Southern people, and especially among Virginians, it is not believed that the man shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett in the burning barn not far from Rappahannock River, was Booth. This has found expression even in the press, from time to time, during the past forty years. Vague hints have even been given as to the identity of the man who really was Booth.

Some nineteen or twenty years ago, I was much impressed with the story told me by the son of a former Confederate General. He was but a child when the assassination took place, but, when he grew up, he was taken to hear a sort of semi-hermit preacher. He was a man with most austere countenance, long flowing white hair and long white beard. My friend said that he never heard a preacher with such dramatic intensity of delivery, and yet such fixed melancholy of expression. He was supposed to be one who had lost everything in the war—as so many did—and to have taken orders late in life. He made no effort at visiting, was comparatively unknown except to a few of the old people. He was said to have borne arms in the War and was slightly lame in one leg. My friend was afterwards told by one, in whose word he had every confidence, that the man he had been taken to hear preach was none other than Wilkes Booth.

Some years after I heard this story an opportunity offered to go over the ground where the assassination and flight of the fugitive had taken place. I frankly confess that the events had no more deep interest for me than any other event in history which occurred in my childhood, but the mystery of Booth's fate caused me, perhaps, to talk more with people who should be in a position to know. I went to Ford's Theatre, which had been changed into some sort of public office building—since condemned. In the exterior it was just as it was when Laura Keen's charming acting in the play rendered famous by the elder Sothern, "Our American Cousin," made a great hit and President Lincoln and his retinue went to see it, with fatal consequences. I went into the back alley where Booth had his horse waiting and whence he made his escape. I went across the street to the house to which Lincoln was removed, and where he died in the early hours of the next morning. There I met a retired sergeant of the Northern army. He had been one of the guard at the prison when Booth's alleged fellow conspirators were executed. He had a vivid recollection of the events of that time. Even while I was there others were coming in to see the house which had been made the resting place of a Lincoln museum, and which either had been or was to be acquired by the nation as a memento of the martyred president.

The party there were strangers to me. Two of them were old ladies of the North, old enough to remember the time of the War and with still unquenched fire against old Southern sentiment. They showed surprisingly little interest in the famous tall hat, the chair in which the President had been assassinated, or any other of the peaceful features of the curious collection. They wanted to see Lincoln's sword and his spurs. They wanted to see evidence in support of their idea that he had physically led the forces of the North and had with his own hands smitten the enemy. They were particularly pleased with the set of photographs illustrating the trial and death of Booth's alleged conspirators. They looked long and earnestly at the hanging and seemed to fairly gloat over it.

There were two others present, young men, who spoke the unmistakable dialect of the South. As the old ladies were "enjoying" the execution pictures, one of the young men anticipated the very question I was about to ask of the old sergeant who was acting as guide: "What truth is there in the story that Booth was not really the man killed?"

"Nothing whatever," was the guide's prompt reply. 'He was shot in the head by Boston Corbett, and here is his picture," pointing to Corbett's portrait. "Booth was in the barn which was set on fire. He had a gun in his hand and was supported by a crutch. He refused to surrender and Corbett shot him through a crack in the barn. Booth was taken out and carried to the veranda of this house here," pointing to the picture. "There he died. He was buried, and a few years afterwards his brother, the great actor, was allowed to remove his body to the family burying place. That's all there is in that story."

As he turned to point out other objects to the old ladies, I saw the young men exchange a suggestion of a smile.

The sergeant had no object in deceiving us. He had been an active participant in the pursuit, and told the story as he heard it when it happened. Yet his version in detail does not agree with that of others who were his contemporaries and had equally good means of knowing.

Mr. Rene Bache, the well-known American writer, in his recent sketch, "Unwritten History of Events that Led to the Death of Lincoln," relates in a most interesting way facts which he had collected and what had been told him, as I understand it, by Harry Ford, a son of the proprietor of Ford's Theatre, where the assassination occurred. Ford saw and spoke to Booth the morning of the fatal day and told him that Lincoln was coming to the theatre that night. Mr. Bache does not credit the story of Booth's escape, and the man killed in the burning barn being somebody else, but he had heard it. He says; "A story has often been published to the effect that Booth's body about four years after its burial, was dug up and transferred by friends to a cemetery in Baltimore. There is not the slightest truth in such a statement, however the fact being that the skeleton, strung together with wires, is still preserved and in the possession of the Government, though hidden from public view. The War Department could tell where it now is if they chose. The body never underwent any proper identification, and there are not a few persons to-day who actually believe that it was not Wilkes Booth who was shot to death in the barn, but some other man. Published reports in the newspapers have even gone so far as to identify one individual or another as the assassin, who, according to the theory thus promulgated, made his escape and lived for years in this or that part of the country under an assumed name."

Mr. Bache, himself, was only four years old at the time of the assassination, and speaks entirely from what he learned in making latter day researches.

My own opinion of the matter, after personal enquiry, is that the death of Booth must be considered as an event not proven. That he did escape and may be still alive is just as probable as that he was killed, from all the evidence that the public has ever had. He shot the President, fought an officer in the President's box with a dagger, then jumped from the box to the stage with the dagger in his hand. His foot caught in the flag draping the front of the box and he fell on his hands and knees, breaking his leg some say, his ankle according to others. He rose, made his dramatic speech, "Sic semper tyrannus," and rushed off, dragging one leg behind him. He struck with his dagger the leader of the orchestra, who happened to be on the stage, and tried to detain him, reached the stage entrance, jumped on his horse's back and dashed out of the alley. It was not until long after that it was discovered that he went to a surgeon, thirty-six miles away, had his broken bone set and obtained a crutch. The doctor who gave the assistance confessed it himself when public excitement had long been allayed. Now let surgeons of experience dwell upon the probability of a man who had ridden thirty-six miles with either a broken leg or broken ankle, having it set and then continuing his journey walking with a crutch, or riding! That the half-witted young man, Herrold, who was in the barn which was set on fire and who was known to be a hanger-on around Ford's Theatre and an intense admirer of Booth, may with another have deliberately gone where he did with the intention of drawing pursuit away from the real quarry, would be but a ruse frequently practiced by professional criminals and their accomplices. Then the real culprit could go South and disappear as completely as Nana Sahib in India, or Osman Digna in Africa. If now living he would be 70 years old. If any person really was in a position to prove his death, it is a remarkable fact that no such evidence has ever been forthcoming. As a reader of history I had hoped to see some one who really knew the facts tell them during the Lincoln Centenary celebration. Indeed there was one man who wrote to Washington from Tennessee, when the celebration was under discussion, suggesting that one feature of that celebration should be the proclamation of pardon to all who had anything to do with the Lincoln plot, either as principals or accessories. If this were done he hinted that the mystery would be cleared up. If the escape story were true, it must be remembered that all who had anything to do with it, even to concealing a knowledge of it from the authorities up to this day, would be liable to be hanged, even if the assassination did happen forty-four years ago. Mr. Bache was obliged to admit in his sketch that "official records on the subject are surprisingly incomplete, and even to this day the final disposition of the assassin's remains is a carefully kept secret, known only to a very few person's." Will we ever know the answer?

Mene Wallace, the Eskimo boy brought to the United States twelve years ago by Commander Perry from the far north of Greenland, has entered the preparatory class of Manhattan College. His ambition is to return to his native land and help his people, and to that end he will take up a course of studies along practical rather than academic lines. He is aiming at the degree of civil engineer. Mene Wallace is the first Eskimo to enter a college in any country. He has already studied in public schools, where he made rapid advancement.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND——SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

SHREDDED WHEAT

Gives You Power to Resist the Cold and Winter Diseases.

To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

A DUSTLESS HOME
BY
ACME VACUUM SYSTEM

Have you not often wished after a thorough House Cleaning, your home might be kept in like condition all the time? This is now made possible by the use of the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner.

You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that the dust and dirt carried into your home, by air currents or otherwise, is full of disease germs, and that the majority of the known diseases result from germs which enter the system with the air we breathe.

Further, you must appreciate that every time you sweep you actually remove by this laborious method only the larger particles of dirt from the premises, and that you stir up the germ-laden dust only to settle on the walls and furniture, and later to find its way back onto the floor through the accustomed dusting process.

But you need neither sweep nor dust when you use our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner. It takes up the disease germs with the dust and the dirt, and removes them forever from your home. The vacuum in the cleaner is so regulated as to thoroughly clean your carpets without injury to the fabrics.

The motor in Our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner is wound for Direct or Alternating Current, and operates from the ordinary lamp socket at an approximate cost of one cent per hour.

The best proof you can have of the thorough manner in which the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner will remove the dirt and dust from your home is with your own eyes, and we would be pleased to show it in actual operation in your own home.

For full particulars and prices address the VACUUM CLEANER DEPARTMENT.

CANADIAN PNEUMATIC TOOL CO., LIMITED

Manufacturers

Canadian Branch Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company

66 McGill Street - - - MONTREAL

GEORGE J. SHEPPARD, Manager.

SAVE TIME TROUBLE AND MONEY

SYMINGTON'S

OF ALL GROCERS

LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES

"But for your health and your digestion take" Shakespeare (Othello)

PROTECTION!

Protect your health by asking for

SANDY MACDONALD

SPECIAL LIQUEUR

SCOTCH WHISKY

(10 years old)

as many of the concoctions sold on this market under the label of Scotch Whisky are rough, coarse, insipid common spirits, which are positively harmful.

INVESTIGATE—Quality will do the rest.

Alexander & Macdonald, Distillers, LEITH—Scotland.

For sale by The Wm. Mara Co., 79 Yonge St. Phone Main 1708.

NO BALL-ROOM

can beat Meyer's at Sunnyside. Telephone Park 905 to get open dates for your At-Homes, Receptions, Progressives, etc.

P. V. MEYER

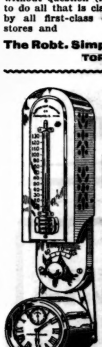
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by the New Principle

De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited TORONTO



Clock Thermostat

HEAT REGULATOR

You wind it up at night and it silently wakes your furnace in the morning, so that the dampers have been lifted and the fire burning merrily by the time the house gets up.

When the room grows too warm the Thermostat acts automatically to check the dampers. When it grows too cool it opens the dampers automatically, and allows the fire to burn up. If you set the Thermostat at 70° or any degree, it will keep the house at the temperature you consider most comfortable.

A SIMPLE DEVICE PUT ON BY ALL PLUMBERS AND HEATING ENGINEERS. WRITE US FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

TAYLOR-FORBES

Company, Limited

Head Office GUELPH Works and Foundries

Toronto, 1088 King St. West
Montreal, 122 Craig St. West
Winnipeg, St. John, Quebec, Vancouver

Lace Curtains, Chair and Sofa Covers, and Household Draperies

Done up like new by

The Yorkville Laundry

47 Elm Street.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1909.

MARCH has a bad reputation in all polite meterological circles, but if he can offer more varieites of weather (there were fifty-seven at least) than this past February disclosed, his banishment from the calendar will be in order. From fog, so thick and ubiquitous that fire apparatus and pedestrians alike lost their way, to sixty-nine-mile-an-hour gales, have been common experiences of the New Yorker's day. Sometimes the fog would be squeezed like a sponge—at least it seemed so—and your bewildered pedestrian treated to a deluge of rain before he could find an open doorway. Liners outgoing and incoming have been held up persistently sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time, while harbor craft of all descriptions threaded their way through a maze of shadowy hulks, guided only by fog blasts. On fog days Manhattan has a graphic realization of its insular character. It is not on the harbor; it is in it.

Rain soaked, mud bespattered, with Merry Widows a wreck, and life generally a mess, we raise our umbrella frame defiantly to March and say: "You can't do worse—blawst ye!"

* * *

THAT was a remarkable demonstration which the Peace Society of New York arranged in honor of Senator Elihu Root, on the occasion of his retirement from the cabinet. By singular unanimity of opinion, it was a just tribute to his distiguished services in the cause of peace, though his office nominally, during the greater portion of the time, was that of war. It is no disparagement of Mr. Root to say that part of the intense satisfaction—I won't say all—which his peace efforts have given on this side, is due in a great measure to the very favorable terms on which he has been able to make peace. Canadians, at any rate, will appreciate the justice, if not the wisdom, of this observation, while South American republics may speak for themselves. One may make the observation, too, without calling on one's head the rebuke which Mr. Root specifically administered to "the inconsiderate and thoughtless unwillingness of the great body of the people of the respective countries to stand behind the man who was willing for the sake of peace and justice to make fair concessions. . . . Insult, contemptuous treatment, bad manners, arrogant and provincial assertion of superiority, is the chief cause of war to-day," in the speaker's opinion. The following shows also that Mr. Root is optimistic of the world's progress in the direction of peace:

"If we compare the conditions of to-day with the conditions of yesterday and the last decade and the last generation, and the last century and centuries before, no one can fail to see that in all those qualities of the human heart which make the difference between cruel and brutal war and kindly peace, the civilized world is steadily and surely advancing day by day."

In the absence of Mr. Carnegie, president of the Society, Mr. Joseph Choate, ex-Ambassador to England, presided, and his eloquent introduction of the guest of honor brought forth a witty reference to former sufferings, "when I have seen my own case disappearing before the specious, misleading, disastrous eloquence and persuasion of his silver tongue."

* * *

THOUGHTS of peace, however, in spite of the week's efforts in its behalf, are strangely inconsistent with the real political event of the week—the Suffragette advance on Albany. The ostensible purpose of this armed invasion of the State capital, was to "persuade" the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature to report favorably on a bill to submit the question of the extension of the franchise to women to the voters of the State. It appears that the framers of the constitution of this State, with a wisdom that was truly prescient, provided for the political equality of the "male" only, and any extension of this equality involves an amendment to the constitution. This amendment can only be secured, I believe, by a two-thirds majority of the votes of the State.

Formidable as their attack proved, the Suffragists were not permitted to speak for the entire sex. The "anti's" had an equally strong representation in the Assembly Chamber, and the pros and cons of the question were argued before the Committee with strict impartiality as to time, and equal honors as to eloquence, the Committee acting merely as referee, it would seem.

Paragraphers and cartoonists are making merry over the affair as a matter of course. One cartoon I noticed viewing the possibilities of women representatives, transforms a legislative desk into a dresser, with familiar cream pots, powder puffs and other beautifying devices carefully arranged before the mirror. A coarse joke, I admit, ladies, but the suggestion does not greatly belie your fair representatives on the memorable occasion I have referred to.

* * *

THE refusal of Congressman Samuel W. McCall to accept the presidency of Dartmouth College this week is another occasion of much editorial mirth hereabout. Mr. McCall represents the Cambridge district of Massachusetts, and is recognized as one of the foremost opponents of the strenuous policies of late so much in vogue. He sees "a crisis . . . full of peril to our institutions, and how soon the movement is to begin toward sanity and safety," he does not know. He also sees: "Methods carrying us swiftly towards a condition under which limitation upon Governmental power would be done away with . . . and some chance barbarian as an autocrat might overturn our temples and do more harm in the direction of uncivilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair."

Just what there is to occasion mirth in this desire to remain at the centre of Government, "instead of," as The Sun happily puts it, "a fugitive critic in an academic retreat," involves an understanding of the national levity toward politics on this side of the border to discover.

* * *

I MEAN'T to write something on the picture galleries, and some of the really notable exhibitions they contain. Possibly with a surcease of political activity, and the inactivity incident to the Lenten season in social and theatrical circles, next week there will be an opportunity. Meantime I leave you to the contemplation of your own exhibits.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the imminence of the "close season," which our spiritual fathers have wisely ordained for us, three new plays are down for the current week. The first of these, "A Woman of Impulse," is a new play by Mr. Louis Anspacher, in which Miss Kathryn Kidder, an actress of considerable repute and achievement, will enact the leading role. Her return to the New York stage will be a welcome incident of itself.

"The Richest Girl" is a version of a French farce by Messrs. Gavault & Morton, in which humorous situations seem to be the principal ingredient. Miss Marie Doro will play the leading part, that of a wilful young heiress "Meyer & Son," by Thomas Addison, the last of the trio, is said to deal with the modern Jew in his business and domestic relations and to be in the nature of a protest against the frequent misrepresentation of the race upon the stage.

J. E. W.

Shall We Get up Earlier?

WILLIAM WILLETT, originator and promotor of the daylight saving bill now before the British House of Commons, is anxious to interest America in the measure, with the object of avoiding any interference with commercial interchange in the event of the bill's becoming law in this country.

Roughly the provisions of the bill are that the clock shall be put back one hour in summer to enable everybody to enjoy the extra allowance of sunshine. The bill has passed its second reading in the Commons and is now awaiting the report of a committee of experts before its third reading can be taken.

Mr. Willett (says The New York Sun's London correspondent) has had several interviews with Ambassador Reid on the subject, with the result that he is mailing a circular letter to all members of Congress, enclosing also literature fully descriptive of the scheme. He states that the Select Committee of the House of Commons finds that the effect of the bill will be to benefit the general physique, health and welfare of all classes of the community and to reduce the expenditure on artificial light.

He adds: "The effect of the bill when passed will be to make six hours difference between London and New York. This, I understand, will be prejudicial to the interests of those on both sides of the Atlantic whose business lies with the Stock Exchange or cotton market.

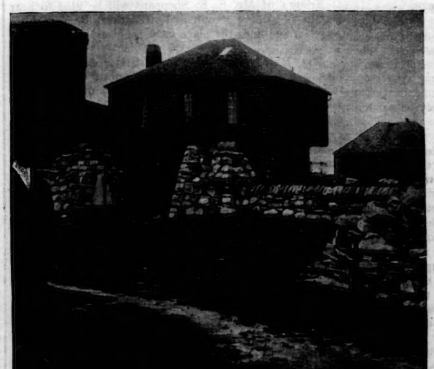
"If, however, clocks in New York were to be changed simultaneously with those over here the markets in both countries would open nominally at the same hour as they do now and the trains would arrive and depart at the same nominal hours as they do now, with this difference, that in the morning the passengers would travel in a cooler atmosphere, while in the evening they would enjoy another hour of daylight.

"Resolutions in favor of the bill have been passed by twenty-nine chambers of commerce, twenty-seven town councils and other corporations and fifty societies and associations. Daylight saving bills have been introduced into the Legislatures of New Zealand and Victoria, and a member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales is about to introduce a bill there."

That the matter is interesting New York is evident from a letter received by Mr. Willett from J. E. Swanstrom, of New York, who asks information regarding the bill and says:

"It will be necessary to modify it in order to make allowances for the difference in time between this country and England, and I would like to have your opinion on this subject, as it is my purpose if I can secure sufficient encouragement to have such a bill introduced in Congress."

The decoration of the Royal Red Cross, which King Edward recently conferred upon Queen Elena, of Italy, for her conduct at Messina, is one of many orders of merit that may be won and worn by women. The oldest of these is the Order of the Axe, established in the twelfth century by the last Duke of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer. Its establishment was inspired by the devoted courage of the Spanish women in repelling the Moors, with whom the Spaniards were then engaged in a life and death struggle.



OLD FRENCH FORT, POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX, N. S.

This relic of old French days is to be seen in Point Pleasant Park, situated on a tongue of land between the harbor and the Northwestern Arm. Until the year 1874 the whole tongue of land belonged to the War Department; but in that year it was transferred to the city to be used as a park. Besides the old Martello Tower seen in this picture, four forts and batteries command the coast at different points. Directly opposite, on the west bank of the Arm, stands Fort Redoubt. Near the mouth of the Arm are still to be seen two massive iron rings fastened into the solid rock. From these, in time of war, heavy chains were stretched across to the opposite bank, locking in the harbor and preventing hostile fleets from coming too near the fort to shell it.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

TALK IT OVER

or better still, send for our new illustrated booklet and price list. It is full to the covers of useful information about the cleaning and dyeing of dainty dresses, opera cloaks, gloves, slippers, draperies, curtains, etc. We clean and dye all kinds of ladies' and gentlemen's garments, and also make a specialty of alterations and repairs.

MY VALET

FOUNTAIN THE CLEANER

30 Adelaide St. West. Phone Main 5900. Toronto.

DEWAR'S

"Special Liqueur"

Satisfies the Most Fastidious!

101

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND, LIMITED

REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers

To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, two yards wide, 43c. per yard; 2½ yards Wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 15 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 72c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.15 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 24c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.64 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c. 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 52c. each. Strong Huckabuck Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half-doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's, from 36c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentleman's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 96c. to $6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS 4-fold, all new-est shapes from $1.15 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, $6c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.06; India or Colonial Outfits, $62.62; Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland

Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Established 1791. "The test of time."

Horrockses'

Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes

ARE THE VERY BEST the "Old Country" can produce.

See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

OBTAINABLE from the leading stores in the Dominion

"HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER AND LONDON."

"Tronco Port"

BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY

TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

Arrow Collars in ¼ Sizes
Made in styles to suit the most exacting, in a quality that resists wear.
BOULEVARD
Height, 1⅝ in. back and 2 in. front.

Made in Quarter Sizes.
By the most careful expert workmanship. Perfectly shaped and double stitched for strength and long wear.
Castle Brand, 2 for 25c. each, 3 for 50c.
Elk Brand, 2 for 25c.
Arrow Makers. Per'ln.

Loose Leaf Ledgers
Binders and Sheets
A SPECIALTY.
Loose Leaf Memos and Price Books
Nothing to excel for Make, Material or value.
Account Books
of every size or description.
Brown Bros. LIMITED
51-53 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

Learn to Dance at Home
We absolutely guarantee to teach you in a few weeks at home. Full instructions; charts illustrating each figure. You cannot fail to learn; hundreds have done so. Send 50c for book. Hundreds sold. Write now. International Trading Co., Postal Station C, BOX 25, MONTREAL.

William Unser
(Late of 404 Spadina Ave.)
CANDY, CAKES AND ICE CREAM
490 Bloor Street West
(Near Brunswick Ave.)
PHONE COLLEGE 336

GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION"
Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra.
Conductor, Dr. F. H. Torrington.
Good Friday Night - Massey Hall
Subscribers may send names to the Conductor, 12 Pembroke street.

WHEELDON
SATURDAY TWILIGHT
ORGAN RECITALS
4 P.M.
METROPOLITAN CHURCH
SILVER COLLECTION

FUNERALS
IN order that the public may become familiar with our charges for moderate and medium priced funerals, we have decided to publish some of them.
$50, $75, $100
Funerals at these prices include every necessary requisite (and carriages) and will receive the same care and delicate consideration that is given to more expensive ones.
W. H. Stone Co.
32 Carlton St. N. 3755

CHARM
—more potent than beauty—is the summation of small attractions. The charming woman appreciates the importance of good taste in the selection of her perfume.
Kerkoff's Djer-Kiss
(Pronounced Dear Kiss) is a refined, fascinating perfume, dainty and concentrated.
Violette Kerkoff—the final success — natural fragrance of freshly cut violets. Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water and Toilet Soap in either Violet or Djer-Kiss odor.
For sale everywhere.
KERKOFF, Paris, France
ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Sole Agents, New York.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE numbers of lectures, and the variety of subjects of which they have treated, during the past ten days, might well addle the brain and memory of one not accustomed to classification and condensation. On Feb. 27 Professor F. W. Baldwin lectured on the "Airship," as the final number in the Varsity course of Saturday lectures. On the same afternoon Professor Stevenson, M.A., of Edinburgh University, lectured on "George Buchanan, Poet and Scholar of the Renaissance." Each lecture had his appreciative audience, and if one sent them "up in the air" by his eloquence and enthusiasm over the latest achievement of the inventor, the second brought them back to earth again with a scholarly and deep-reading trip into the century which marked that new tone in literature and art called the Renaissance. The work, personality, influence and opinions of George Buchanan were very little known to the gentler sex, who always predominate at these lectures. Men respond quickly to a mention of his name with "Oh, yes, cleverest wit and scholar of his time," but the ordinary non-college-bred women has probably long forgotten the glimpse she got of him in her excursions into the field of English literature. Consequently, Professor Stevenson told, in a precise and student-like way, quite a new tale to many of them. The lecture was full and deep, tracing the life of the subject and describing the conditions under which he let his light shine in England and France. Now and then the gleam of humor which comes from a Scotchman illumined Professor Stevenson's lecture, as for instance when he gave Doctor Johnson's well-known keen-edged opinion of George Buchanan. A vote of thanks was proposed to the lecturer at the close by the chairman, who remarked that the same combination, Edinburgh and Oxford, had given Professor Stevenson and Professor Clark to Trinity College. The round of applause which greeted this remark showed that Trinity honors the former professor of literature as it welcomes the new one. After the lecture, tea was served in the wide corridor, and a few invited guests betook themselves to the Provost's rooms to enjoy a dainty tea, of which Mrs. Fleming was hostess. The lecture to-day will be by Professor G. S. Brett, B.A., on the "Conflict of Science and Superstition." Professor Brett has had a very wide field of experience, graduating at Oxford, where he took his degree, and having been Professor of Philosophy in the University of the Punjab, Lahore, India.

Professor G. W. Johnston, M.A., Ph.D., gave a very interesting talk on "Pompeii: the Unearthing of an Ancient City and the Story it Tells," last Friday night (26th Feb.) at St. Margaret's College. Mr. and Mrs George Dickson and Miss Macdonald had sent out a limited number of invitaticns, and the large crowd of pupils and friends of the College vastly enjoyed the treat Professor Johnston has been going to and fro upon the earth for several years, travelling off the beaten track and gathering mountains of material for lectures such as delighted his hearers last week.

Mrs. and Miss Murray, who spent a few days with their relatives at Government House, and were entertained by several old friends from Mrs. Murray's former home, Hamilton (where, as Miss Macdonald, she was very popular), have returned to Hamilton. Mr. Murray, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and his son, are to pay Canada a visit this summer, I have heard.

Monsieur Paul Balbaud, who was assisted by Mrs. Lambe, the latter singing several selections, gave a most interesting lecture last Friday (26th Feb.) on "Massenet and His Works." Monsieur Balbaud lectures in French, and took up his subject with his usual grace and clarity. He told of Massenet's religious, operatic and lyric work, and Mrs. Lambe at the close of each section of the lecture, sang in illustration of the different compositions. A solo from the deeply-moving oratoria of Mary Magdalen, being the piteous cry of the Virgin Mary to her Son as He hung upon the Cross, the very different pleadings of Marion d'Escaut, as she tried every art of the desperate woman to win back to her arms the husband she had deceived, after he had entered the monastic life, songs of gladness and songs of sadness, Mrs. Lambe sang with wonderful expression and fidelity. Madame Balbaud accompanied her, and was most sympathetic and artistic in her part. Among those who enjoyed the evening were Lady Falconbridge, Miss Boulton, Mrs. Proctor, Mr. George T. Denison, Mr. Boulton, Mlle. Malival, and a number of others who love the *belle langue* and its literary and artistic lights.

This evening the championship game of the Officers' Indoor Baseball League will be played between the Queen's Own Rifles and the 48th Highlanders. This game is the climax of a very successful season, and the fourth played between the above teams, which are very closely matched. After the game, Major Hendry will present the trophy to the winning team, and the officers will entertain their friends in the large ante-room. The lady patronesses are Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. James George, and Mrs. Moray Anderson. I have heard a whisper of extra nice arrangements for the close of the evening, which will probably be participated in by a great number of friends.

The ineffably sad illness and death of Mrs. Jack Moss is a great shock to her hosts of friends. So fair and sweet and sensible and gifted a girl as was Florence Marshall has rarely grown up and married in Toronto. Her radiant beauty and great musical talent and culture are too well known to need mention, and the rapidity of the progress of the fell disease which has robbed us of a woman so lovable and so beloved has struck a chill to the hearts of her sorrowing friends. Deep sympathy is with her husband and relatives in a loss which outsiders can but little realize. A relative of Mr. Moss recalled with subdued voice that on the last three occasions upon which Mrs. Moss was asked by her to sing her one of her beautiful songs, she chose a significant one, in the light of subsequent events, "When I am dead." The touching plea in that song has echoed in the hearts of all who knew and admired the bright and lovely woman who was laid in an untimely grave last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Baker, of Balmoral avenue, and their family are enjoying the winter in Bermuda, whence they send glowing accounts of the many charms of the island in mid-Atlantic.

Those who heard the lecture on Massenet on Friday night were much interested to hear also a selection by that composer on Saturday, the second piece on Mr. Wheeldon's organ recital programme being an intermezzo from an orchestral work by the French composer. "In the Cloisters," by Bazille, introduced a beautiful arrangement of the chimes, and several other French composers were chosen for last Saturday's programme, Rousseau, Guilmant, and Lefebre-Wely.

Mr. Harry Heap, of Winnipeg, is in town for a few days, the guest of the Hon. Frank Cochrane, 15 Maple ave., Rosedale.

Mrs. and Miss Elwood have returned to Paris, where Miss Elwood is continuing vocal culture under Mr. Haslam.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Dobie have gone to the South, and stopped over for the inauguration ceremonies in Washington on Thursday.

Mrs. Charles J. Currie (*nee* Patton), 175 College street, held her postnuptial reception on Tuesday afternoon and evening, wearing her wedding gown of ivory crepe de chine, with white heather in hair and at the corsage. Mrs. E. M. Currie, in black silk, with over-dress of black lace, assisted in the reception-room, which was decorated with daffodils and shaded lamps. In the evening Dr. Currie received with Mrs. Currie. Mrs. Melville P. White, in mauve crepe de chine, and Mrs. T. A. Currie, in white silk, with over-dress of all-over lace, assisted at the tea-table, which was beautifully decorated with a large basket of deep-red double blossom carnations and shaded lamps. The bridesmaids, Miss Beth Patton and Miss Mabel Currie, with Miss Currie, Miss Laura Currie, and Miss Ross were most attentive hostesses in the tea-room. Although the weather was very uninviting, guests to the number of eighty assembled and heartily wished Dr. and Mrs. Currie a happy and prosperous future.

The marriage of Mr. Ferdinand C. Bellemore, of Windsor, Ont., and Miss C. Juelle Sullivan, graduate of the class of '05, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, took place at St. Peter and St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit, on Feb. 22, High Mass being celebrated by Rev. Father Gabriels. The bride wore a navy blue travelling suit, with hat to match. Mrs. A. Rider was matron of honor, and Mr. Rider was best man.

Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D., and Mrs. Burns, Brampton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Eileen Margaret, to William Randolph, eldest son of Mr. Randolph Macdonald, Rusholme road, Toronto. The wedding will take place this month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Morphy announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith Muriel, and Mr. James Newall Bell, M.E., of Cobalt, son of the late John Bell, W.S., and Mrs. Bell, Castlecreavie, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland. The marriage will take place in the early summer.

Miss Norah Hayes' violin recital, which will be given at the Conservatory Music Hall next Monday evening, is under the patronage of Lady Clark, Lady Moss, Mrs. C. N. Candee, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mrs. Ramsay Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Brown, St George street, have left for Atlantic City for two or three weeks.

A number of weddings are to take place soon after Easter, and dressmakers are getting busy already over some beautiful frocks for handsome brides.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey is visiting Mrs. Mulock in Cluny avenue. Mrs. Gordon Osler is visiting her people in Montreal.

General Cotton, Colonel Septimus Denison, Major Carpenter and Major J. Fraser Macdonald went to Ottawa for the Paardeburg dinner at Rideau Hall, last Saturday night.

It is now "Lieutenant-Colonel" Fleming, of the Governor-General's Body Guard, *vice* Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Merritt, retired.

Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald is giving a bridge on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy are home from England. Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, who was called to England by the illness of little Margaret, who had contracted pneumonia, will remain abroad until her daughter is convalescent.

Friends of Mr. E. E. Sheppard will be glad to hear that he is gaining weight and strength at Bembina, Los Angeles, and finds the place most beneficial to his health.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones entertained last week in honor of Mrs. and Miss Murray, who were guests of Mrs. Gibson at Government House. Mrs. Hay, of Strathearn, asked a few intimate friends, former Hamiltonians, to tea at mid-week, to meet Mrs. Murray, quite informally.

Mrs. Albert Dyment is spending some time in the Southern States.

Mrs. William Hyslop and her sister, Miss McLeod, were the only passengers on the Carmonia from Italy to New York, but arrived safely at home this week. Their unique experience was not as wierd as it looks, owing to the kind attentions of the captain and his officers. When one thinks of the vast ocean liner ploughing the Atlantic with just those two pretty Toronto women aboard, as passengers, one doesn't know whether to look serious or to grin.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt and their daughters have gone to Bermuda. The Misses Boultbee, of Crescent road, have returned to Toronto.

With the Mendelssohn Choir on their trip to Chicago went Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Flavelle and several other enthusiastic supporters of the finest chorus on this continent. With them also went the hearty good wishes of thousands of Toronto friends and admirers. The legend of "standing room only" was what the music lovers of Chicago had out to greet them.

Lent not being strictly kept by any but the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches, a number of pleasant dinners are *en train* among members of other denominations.

BUTTONS
covered in flat, oval, bone rim and combination styles in satin, linen, tapestry, silk or any ma erial you wish to send.
PLEATING
for fancy ruches, skirt ruffings, blouse trimmings, sunburst underskirts.
TUCKING
Net and chiffon tucked for blouses in any size tuck and space required.
SKIRTS
Pleated and tailored in the latest approved styles.

A. T. REID CO., Limited
266 KING STREET WEST
Tel Main 2503. BRANCH OFFICE: 115 Yonge St
TORONTO
MONTREAL: 218 Birks Building

Spring Flowers Designs Decorations
Dunlop's 96 YONGE ST.
TORONTO
We deliver and guarantee safe arrival anywhere on the Continent.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa

After a strenuous game on the ice—a tramp through the snow—or any other violent exercise—enjoy a steaming cup of Cowan's Cocoa. It relieves fatigue—renews strength—and refreshes the entire system. 108
The Cowan Co. Limited - Toronto.

Ashby-Jackson
Millinery Salon: 113½ West King St.
SPRING MODES
TUESDAY, MARCH THE NINTH

A beautiful head of hair is what you gain by securing
DORENWEND'S HAIR STYLES
Step in and see our line of the Latest New York and Paris Fashions. Let us show you how we can completely transform your appearance. Everything in Pompadoure, Transformations, Pin-Puffs, Cluster-Curls, Psyche Knots, etc.
Our Hair-Dressing Parlors are the best equipped in Canada and are in charge of skilled attendants only. Hair Dressing, Marcel Waving, Massaging, Manicuring, etc.
Dr. Blanchard, surgeon chiropodist. Feet trouble positively cured.
PHONE FOR APPOINTMENTS MAIN 1551.
THE DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO LIMITED
103-105 YONGE STREET

G. L. McKAY
We invite you and your friends to the opening of our enlarged Show Rooms.
Beautiful imported materials all Man Tailored.
Gowns and Dresses of all descriptions.
Wash Linens and Madras Cloth.
Our Millinery Parlors contain private fitting rooms, giving each customer that individual attention necessary in selecting a Hat.
G. L. McKAY
LADIES' TAILOR.
101 YONGE ST. M. 5266

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People. . . . .

IT will be remembered that when Lord Milner paid a visit to Canada last autumn—his first visit to this country, by the way—he delivered a number of carefully worded addresses chiefly before Canadian Clubs, as he progressed from coast to coast. These addresses have now been published in book form by Wm. Tyrrell & Company, Toronto, and the volume is one that will prove of much interest to students of Imperialism. Viscount Milner explains that "the addresses are not a series of lectures, nor do they represent a premeditated effort of any kind." As they stand, however, they furnish, if only an outline, a very strong and clear-cut outline of the imperialistic scheme as advocated by this distinguished citizen of the Empire. The addresses emphasize the advantages that Imperial unity gives both to Greater Britain as a whole and to the various self-governing British dominions; they urge the necessity of closer union, and the benefits of preferential trade. As to Canada, Viscount Milner says: "I do not fear that the growth of a distinct Canadian type of character, of a strong Canadian patriotism, is going to be a danger to the unity of the Empire." On the contrary he thinks that while some Canadians, not of British birth, may never become Imperialists from love of Britain, they may become Imperialists from love of Canada. He points out that "British citizenship is the most valuable citizenship in the world;" that "regarded as a free pass, it has the widest currency." Any white citizen of the Empire, he reminds us, can find a home in any clime or quarter of the world with every liberty of citizenship—the same citizenship, under the same flag. Of course stress is laid on the great point of "facing the world as a single power." And preferential trade between the various parts of the Empire appears to Lord Milner to be "one of the happiest and most fertile ideas ever introduced into the sphere of national economics." All the viscount's utterances are calm, dignified, and free from cant, dogma, and the "jingo" spirit.

As a matter of fact very few Canadians devote much thought to Imperialism as a theory. Few of us care greatly about the pros and cons of British preference. Canadian patriotism and Canadian loyalty to Britain are things taken for granted, and are not influenced by tariffs. But these Canadian speeches by Viscount Milner, while they may seem to many to reveal unnecessary anxiety on certain points, can be read with profit by all Canadians. Certainly their tone is impressive, their aim high-spirited and high-minded.

* * *

Thomas Dixon, Jr., whose name is familiar to a certain class of readers as the writer of "The Leopard's Spots," "The Clansman," and other tales, recently sat him down and produced another novel entitled "Comrades." It may be presumed that he did not arise until the story was completed. It runs on from beginning to end with such an absence of any evidences of stoppages caused by gropings after subtleties of philosophy or expression that it is quite apparent his stenographer or his own typewriting machine, whichever it happened to be, was in excellent condition, and that his stock of copy paper was adequate to complete the job right off the reel. "Comrades" is the story of a rich young Californian who tried an experiment in Socialism. He founded an island colony designed to become the modern Eutopia. How the venture prospered, and how his love affairs turned out—such is the burden of the tale. The young man, it may be remarked, developed love and common sense in fairly equal quantities as his adventure progressed, until at the end he has solved, if not the problem of life, the problem of starting life in a sane, happy attitude. "Comrades" belongs to the modern rubber-stamp type of fiction. There are many, however, who will enjoy reading it; and those who do will receive a very good lesson, if not a startlingly original one, on the folly of unthinking socialism, and a warning against socialistic charlatans. The book as a book is very attractive—well illustrated in colors and exceedingly well printed. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, are the publishers.

* * *

This paragraph from a London newspaper will prove of interest to Dickens Fellowship members and all Canadian lovers of the great novelist:

Bit by bit the London of Dickens, known to many almost better than the London of to-day, is disappearing. The Fleet Prison went long ago, but the "lofty room, ill lighted and worse ventilated, situated in Portugal street, Lincoln's Inn Fields," familiar to all who know their "Pickwick," has survived till now. Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller knew it as the Insolvent Debtors' Court. After a period of service as the Bankruptcy Court it has in later days figured as the Westminster County Court. To-day this chapter too was closed. After a week's interval for moving the books and documents the court will be held in the new premises in St. Martin's lane, and the old building vanishes, to make room for an extension of the Land Registry Office. Within a stone's throw, however, the Old Curiosity Shop still maintains an anachronistic existence.

* * *

Mr. William de Morgan, the English writer whose "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good" have found so many admirers, has a new novel, to be entitled "Blind Jim," ready for publication in the spring.

* * *

The Century Company announces that next month it will publish in book form Ernest Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Silver Fox," which has been running serially in The Century Magazine. The volume will be illustrated by the author.

* * *

Mrs. Alfred Marks, the English writer whose volume just published, "Landholding in England, Considered in its Relation to Poverty," is expected to make a considerable stir, wields a remarkably prolific pen. She is a novelist, poet, and journalist, and the amount of her literary output has been enormous. Among her best known works are her novels, "Masters of the World" and "A Great Treason," and her volume of poems entitled "The Tree of Knowledge."

* * *

The question as to who is the greatest living English novelist has been raised by Miss Jeannette Gilder, the well-known New York literary critic, and answered to her own entire satisfaction. Most of us would prefer to discuss this question in another form: "Who, among living English novelists, most nearly approximates greatness?" And even then we should experience as much difficulty in arriving at a conclusion as we would in attempting to decide the question facetiously asked the other day by Life: "What is the worst novel of the past year?" But Miss Gilder tells us who is the greatest among 'em, and she also decides who is in second place. She is strong in her belief, which is this:

"If anyone should ask me who I thought was the greatest of living English novelists I should say Thomas Hardy. Who next? Eden Phillpotts. What about George Meredith? He was great, perhaps the greatest better judges than I think so, but his later novels have been too involved, too unintelligible to any but his most devoted disciples. But then neither Hardy nor Meredith is writing novels any more. Phillpotts is, thank goodness. . . . His latest story, 'The Three Brothers,' begins, as is his usual way, with descriptions of scenery, such descriptions as no one but Mr. Phillpotts can write, and then he plunges at once into the story. We can always count upon this writer for tremendous passion and for humor. . . . One may feel pretty sure in taking up a novel by Phillpotts that he is going to get the real thing."

The new Phillpotts novel, "The Three Brothers," was recently published by the Macmillan Company.

* * *

At a recent meeting in New York, held for the purpose of considering the erection of a memorial of Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. R. U. Johnson, associate editor of The Century, announced that the New York Stock Exchange had contributed $2,000 toward furnishing a room in the Keats-Shelley Memorial House at Rome. Stedman was not only a poet and critic but a financier, and member of the New York Stock Exchange, and the latter in contributing a room to the Keats-Shelley House do so in his memory. Funds for this establishment are, by the way, coming in but slowly.

GUY DU MAURIER.

Author of "An Englishman's Home," the play that has made such a sensation in England. He is a son of the late George Du Maurier, the cartoonist and humorist, who in his riper, mellower days wrote "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby."

Song.

DEAR, though you wander over
peace and passion,
Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,
You can not hide me. Still, in my own fashion,
I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that bid you doubt me,
In music, in the little things we knew,
In your blind prayers for happiness without me,—
I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learning,
Through all the wrong you need to be and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfearful yearning
I shall come back—I shall come back to you!

—Brian Hooker, in Harper's Monthly

Few readers who have recently come before the public have shown themselves to be so well equipped for their chosen work as Mildred Walker, who made her first Toronto appearance as a reader in St. George's Hall on March 25. Miss Walker has a fine stage presence, personal magnetism, and a full flexible voice, and under the training of Jessie Alexander Roberts has developed these natural gifts. Miss Walker was enthusiastically recalled after each number and received many floral tributes.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Standard Bank of Canada was held at the head office on February 17. The directors' report showed net profits for the year ending January 30, 1909, of $283,065.27, being at the rate of 18.14 per cent. on the average paid-up capital of the bank for the year. Quarterly dividends were paid at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. $100,000 was transferred to the rest account from profits and $2,800 from premiums on new stock. The officers' pension fund was added to, and $50,257.69 carried forward to profit and loss account. On Oct. 1, 1908, the Standard Bank purchased the Western Bank, acquiring 27 new branches. The following officers were elected: President, W. F. Cowan, Esq.; vice-president, Frederick Wyld, Esq.; directors, Messrs. W. F. Cowan, F. Wyld, W. F. Allen, W. R. Johnston, Wellington Francis, K.C., F. W. Cowan, H. Langlois, and T. H. McMillan. HAL.

Miss Bessie May Rance, a pupil at the Conservatory School of Expression, gave in monologue six scenes from "The Sign of the Cross" at the Conservatory on Saturday evening last to a crowded house. Miss Rance, although still in her teens, showed dramatic talent of a high order, and it is not going too far to say that she astonished those who had attended expecting to see and hear something of an amateurish quality. The plot of the play was, in monologue, invested with the steadily increasing interest that it possesses when regularly staged by a full company, until in the closing scene when Marcus Superbus and Mercia decide to go together to death in the arena, the audience was strongly moved. Miss Rance was warmly congratulated on her display of unusual dramatic power by many who remained behind for the purpose at the close of the performance.

A peculiar custom obtains in an English regiment, the Twelfth Lancers—the playing of the Vesper hymn, the Spanish chant, and the Russian national hymn every night after the "Last Post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn be played every night. The playing of the Spanish chant is as a penance for the sacking of a convent during the Peninsular War. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian national anthem.

There are few newspapers published in Canada that are not more ready to make amends than to inflict injury; but as the law now stands there is no protection against the costs-hunters. No matter how careful or how conscientious the newspaper may be, it is always liable to furnish opportunity for some unscrupulous pettifogger to show his skill.—Woodstock Sentinel.

By the way those hatters that struck are makers of men's hats. This world is full of disappointments.—Cleveland Leader.

The Spring Dress Goods

THIS store in regard to Dress Goods compares as did Ancient Athens in regard to Culture.

"We are set in the world as an example to our neighbors," boasted the proud Athenians, and considering the merits of their achievements in art, in architecture, in literature, in government and in civilization it was no empty boast.

Without desiring to boast at all we want to keep the position of this store as a Dress Goods Store constantly before you, especially at the season's beginning. The people of Toronto have an exceptional advantage in possessing an authoritative headquarters for dress fabrics such as this. Calmly and cooly it may be said that taking values, qualities and varieties into consideration, probably, with one exception, its equal does not exist on the continent, famous as America is for its magnificent stores.

In the words of the Athenians of Ancient Greece, we may truly say our Dress Goods Department "is an example to its neighbors."

New shipments of English and French Worsted Suitings, in a full range of the newest shades of taupe, reseda, laurel, rose, golden tan, amethyst, browns, elephant and smoke greys, peacock, etc. High-class worsted suitings for tailored suits. 50, 56 inches wide. Selling $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

Satin "Directoire," a high-class silk and wool fabric, light in weight, draping perfectly. Satin Venetian all-wool material, with a rich, lustrous finish. Beautiful assortment of shades, amethyst, rose, brown, canard, taupe, pearl and smoke greys, sky, pink, fraise, bisque, blue, white and black. 40, 46 inches wide. Selling 85c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

Tudhope-McIntyre Motor Carriage **$550** Complete with solid rubber tires, horn, wheel steer and 3 lamps.

This $550 "Tudhope-McIntyre" is just what most men have always wanted—a Motor Carriage that will make 25 miles an hour if necessary—that is practically trouble-proof—and is far cheaper than a horse and carriage.

There are no tire-troubles with Model H H. Tires are solid rubber—can't puncture—rocks, ice, etc. have no terrors for them. With these tires, high wheels and the 12 horse power motor, this carriage will go anywhere that a horse can. Fitted with Chapman's Double Ball Bearing Axles, that Run a year with one oiling.

For down-right economy, Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H is a wonder. Hundreds of road tests have proven that this $550 Motor Carriage will run 30 miles on one gallon of Gasoline. 15 models from $550 to $1000.

Dealers, and Others

who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, should write us at once for terms and territory. 1

THE TUDHOPE-McINTYRE CO., WRITE DEPT T ORILLIA, ONT.

IT'S A NECESSITY

Of course you can get along without *Electric Lighting* in your home, just as you can use a lamp instead of a candle or write instead of 'phoning.

The question is not *can* you—but *should* you?

The convenience derived from its use is innumerable. The Coffee Percolator, the Electric Toaster, the Electric Chafing Dish, the Baby Milk Warmer, the Electric Flat Iron, the Electric Shaving Mug, are just a few of the many devices which you can operate if your house is wired with electric light by simply attaching cord to the light socket and snapping the button. Call M. 3975.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited
12 Adelaide Street East

RESTFUL SLEEP

is a very important factor to good health and business success. A good spring bed and mattress is largely responsible for sound sleep. At a reasonable price you get absolutely the best made in the world in the Hercules Bed Springs and Gold Medal Felt Mattresses, three months' trial. Ask your dealer for this make.

THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Ltd.
Toronto Winnipeg Montreal Established 1890

DISTANCE running is again a feature in the week's sporting news. With the Shrubb-Dorando race in Buffalo and the Dorando-Meadows race here, interest in the sport was at a height. At the same time public curiosity centres in Longboat and his probable course of action. What is the Indian going to do? Will he go back under Powers' management as his contract requires, or will he simply lie low till his year is up and his contract is over? These are questions for the future to decide, but one thing is at least certain, and everybody interested in honest sport must rejoice that it is settled—that Longboat if he runs at all must run according to the contract he made with Powers. The story that Longboat as an Indian could not be bound by a contract was repeated till everybody was tired of it. And it was a welcome relief to learn at last that Mr. Longboat was as much bound as anyone else by a contract made under such circumstances.

* * *

THE coming of Fred Appleby, who is now in New York, is an event for everyone interested in running. Appleby is the only man who was ever able to beat Shrubb at the fifteen mile distance. And he did it twice to make it certain. Furthermore, he holds the record. Appleby is still an amateur, but it is quite certain that before he returns to England he will have measured speed with Longboat and Dorando and the other professional cracks in this country. Appleby is a personal friend of Shrubb's, and it is said the latter's defeat by Longboat was a sore disappointment to him. For this reason he is particularly keen about arranging a match with the Indian, and is likely to make every effort to get a race.

* * *

THE running craze is certainly spreading, when a team of Igorrotes from the Philippine Islands are entered in the six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden. These are supposed to be among the most inferior of the world's strange races. At the same time they might be dangerous opponents in a race of this character, for it is said that the diminutive, half-civilized tribesmen are endowed with rare powers of endurance and can run for many hours without a halt.

The big race, which runs from March 8 to 13, should be a very interesting one, as many of the crack distance runners of the world are in it. Practically all the noted six-day men in the United States are entered, and there will also be a military, a letter-carrier, and an Indian team to represent that country. Prizes to the value of $5,000 have been offered, of which $1,500 will go to the winning team, and proportionate amounts to each of the seven teams next in order.

* * *

THE winning of the International Cup at the great bonspiel in Switzerland by the McDiarmid rink of Canadian curlers was the culmination of a splendid career of conquest. The Canadians showed themselves to be better than the best, and the honor they won is shared in by the whole country.

* * *

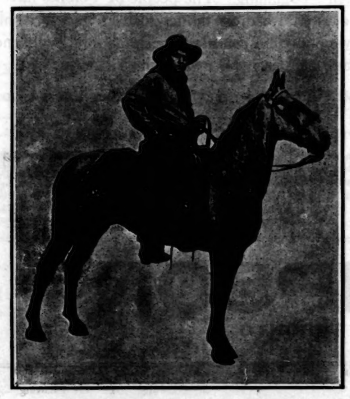
THE fifteenth annual assault-at-arms in the Varsity gym proved to be quite a successful one. There were no records broken, but the different features were successfully carried out, and the large attendance witnessed some good sport. Altogether the performance proved that Varsity possesses a lot of clever athletes who can make a good showing at almost any old game that comes along, all the way from fencing to pole-vaulting.

* * *

THE amateur boxing tourney excited a great deal of interest, and there was a large and very enthusiastic attendance every night during its continuance. It brought out a lot of clever boxers, and many of the bouts were of a most interesting character. Altogether the effect of such a tourney as this should be to encourage interest in amateur boxing, which is a really excellent sport, and which needs encouragement, as it has been swamped under the flood of professionalism in this country. Boxing is too good a game to be left in the hands of pugs and bruisers, and it should be encouraged to take its proper position as an amateur sport.

* * *

THE old struggle between the batters and pitchers in baseball is again being discussed, and wise heads are trying to devise means of bringing the average of batting up higher than it is. For batting is what the ordinary man wants. He likes to see the ball banged around and to have lots of base-running and fielding and general excitement. But unfortunately for him the tendency of things has been just the other way. Batting has steadily declined until in the big leagues it is now a difficult thing to get men who bat over the .300 mark. And it is apt to go lower. The great pitchers are becoming more numerous and more expert. They are getting more speed, greater control, and a larger and larger stock of twisters. Spitballs and all kinds of balls have come into existence, and the lot of the batter is being made harder and harder. It will therefore soon be the duty of the powers that be in baseball to devise some means of evening things up so that the batters and the public who like batting can get a fair show. Some of the recent suggestions along those lines have been the abolishing of the foul strike rule, putting the pitcher further away from the plate, giving the batter four strikes, or letting him walk on three balls.



Sir Genille Cave Brown Cave, the Cowboy Baronet.

* * *

ACCORDING to recent reports the roller skating craze has spread all over London from Whitechapel to Mayfair. Everybody seems to have gone rinking mad, from duchesses to costers, and dozens of rinks have sprung into being like mushrooms. But the biggest and most important is in the enormous structure called Olympia, made famous years ago by Barnum & Bailey's circus.

All day long and until midnight this rink is crowded, the average daily attendance now being more than ten thousand. It is interesting to note that the majority of these rinks are operated and owned by Americans.

The great Australian rugby team which swept everything before it in England and then on its way home beat the best in British Columbia, has at last sailed. They were a fine lot of sportsmen, and they proved welcome guests in this country. As football players their work was wonderful, and the speed and accuracy of their game has seldom been beaten. They gave proof of the high standard of the game in Australia and showed that in the island Commonwealth they breed athletes who are second to none.

* * *

MR. CASEY BALDWIN, the young aeronautic expert, who is at present associated with Prof. Graham Bell in his experiments with aeroplanes at Baddeck, Cape Breton, was a visitor in Toronto during the past week. While here he gave a couple of lectures on the aeroplane, and explained what is now being accomplished at Baddeck and elsewhere with the new craft. One side of it on which he dwelt lightly was its attractions to sporting men. According to him automobiling is not to be compared with it for sheer pleasure and zest. And indeed Mr. Baldwin's account of the sensation of gliding through the air is enough to make anyone want to go out and get an aeroplane right away. He pointed out that one of the finest things about it was its perfect smoothness and its sense of freedom. High speeds were attained, but one never had the usual sensations of speed. There was no roughness, no jolting, but just a smooth, easy glide. He said that he expected it to become quite a sport, and that in this way much of its development might come, just as the racing motor had taught many useful lessons in motoring.

* * *

MICHAEL C. MURPHY, the coach of the University of Pennsylvania, gives some interesting hints in the New York Herald about jumping of all kinds. Amongst other things he speaks of the kind of men who are best fitted for the different kinds of jumping. He says: "No particular size or build is required of the men who would be broad jumpers, for they are of all kinds. Frank Irons, the present Olympic champion, is a small man, weighing less than 140 pounds and standing only 5 feet 7 inches. A. C. Kraenzlein, the holder of the intercollegiate record, was a large man.

"In high jumping the advantage is with the tall man, and this in spite of the fact that M. F. Sweeney, the present world's champion, at 6 feet 5 5-8 inches, is only 5 feet 9 inches in height, and Paige, the present collegiate record holder at 6 feet 4 inches, is only 5 feet 7 inches. Another exception was one of the Hungarian athletes at the Olympic games last summer. He was only 5 feet 6 inches, and he ran straight at the bar and jumped 6 feet 2 inches with his back to the bar. These men, though, were wonders. Sweeney and Paige could both jump 9 inches over their heads.

The pole vaulters are usually men of moderately slight build, with lots of spring and strength in the back and arms. Very short men rarely make champion pole vaulters.

* * *

SIR GENILLE CAVE-BROWN-CAVE is a man with a queer history as well as a queer name. He left England when quite a young man and came to the United States, finally drifting out to the wild and woolly West, where he became a cowboy. For nineteen years he served as a buccaroo, and then one day his elder brother died and he fell heir to the baronetcy. It took a long time to find him, but he was finally discovered, and taken back to England to be recivilized. But the process seems to be a slow one. He is now appearing in a Wild West Show, which he himself organized. An interesting point about his outfit as seen in the picture is the coat-of-arms on the saddle-cloth. But he does not have to give shows for a living, as he has inherited a fine estate in Leicestershire, and a mansion dating back to 1641. His family is an old and distinguished one. PLAYFAIR.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, 4.05 P.M. AND 6.10 P.M. DAILY

via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley (the only double-track route). The 4.05 p.m. carries buffet library parlor car and elegant coaches to Buffalo and Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6.10 p.m. train has thru Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York, and parlor library cafe car and coaches to Buffalo; also Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make reservations and secure tickets at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets, phone Main 4209.

LOW FARES WEST

VIA CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

$33 for one way ticket from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma or Spokane, Wash., Portland, Ore., Victoria or Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco or Los Angeles, California, and many other points on the Pacific Coast. Tickets on sale March 1 to April 30. $7 for double berth in tourist sleeper from Chicago. Complete information about routes and train service free on request. A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King Street East, Toronto.

MOGUL
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

While climate and soil play an important part in the cultivation of tobacco for MOGUL Cigarettes, the way the tobacco is cured is quite as important.

Curing is a slow process of fermentation which preserves the qualities of the tobacco.

It is this curing process that brings out the delightful aroma so noticeable in MOGUL Cigarettes.

The tobacco, being grown in the finest tobacco-growing district in Turkey and properly cured, is then shipped to Egypt, where it is blended.

MOGUL Cigarettes with cork tips, in packages of 10, cost 15c.

S. ANARGYROS 475

Martell's
THREE STAR BRANDY

Fry's PURE Concentrated Cocoa
THE CHEAPEST HEALTHIEST & MOST ECONOMICAL

D. MASSON & CO., Agents - - - - - MONTREAL AND TORONTO

"CRYSTAL DIAMONDS"

In A Box

"CRYSTAL DIAMOND" SUGAR is packed in cartoons for two reasons.

First—that each tablet of sugar will reach you unbroken and unchipped.

Second—that the sugar will retain its brilliant, sparkling appearance and absolute purity.

Be sure to ask your grocer for "Crystal Diamonds" in the attractive 5 pound cartoons — obtainable also by the pound.

"CRYSTAL DIAMOND DOMINOS" are larger tablets especially for coffee.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited MONTREAL. 4

A few of the successive effects that follow the use of

WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

The earliest visible effect produced in stimulation of the appetite;

The action of both nerves and muscles is excited;

Digestion is assisted and stimulation promoted;

Activity is developed in the flow of the secretions.

The necessary constituents of tissue and blood are supplied to the system;

Physical strength and endurance are greatly increased and the previous improvement in the action of the nerves and muscles is confirmed.

Energy and capacity for persistent effort of mind are imparted; manliness and courage are restored; and a feeling of confidence, of fearlessness and capability to endure pain is established.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

BIG BOTTLE Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere. 59

CANARIES

H. S. TIBBS, 184 John St., Toronto, has a few of his celebrated St. Andreasberg Rollers, the peerless songsters, for sale at reduced rates, to clear surplus stock before the breeding season.

PHONE MAIN 3181

Remember.

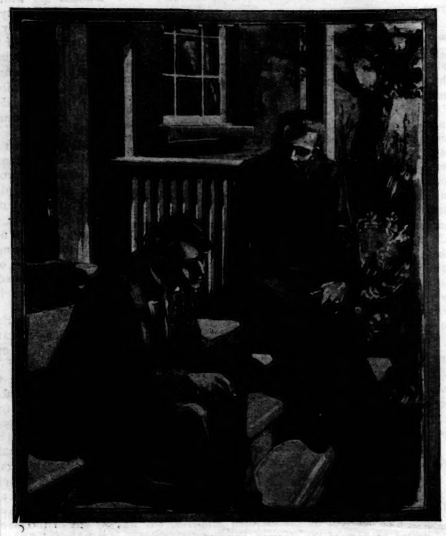
Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts. at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

THE UNHEEDED CALL

By PETER O'DEE



THIS is the story of how Philippe Lajoie and Ninon Lafrance heard in their hearts the call to devote themselves to celibacy and the works of the Lord, and of how on after consideration they decided they would rather not.

The first intimation *Cure* Hebert got that Ninon had a desire to shut herself up in a nunnery and spend her life in prayer and mortification—the more mortifying the better—was one fine Sunday morning after Mass, while he was reading his breviary and walking up and down in the garden of the presbytery. Ninon came in very demurely.

"Pardon, m'sieu le Curé!" she said with a little bob of reverence, "but I want to become a nun."

"Eh, bien, sapre! but that is rather sudden, is it not?"

"Yes, *m'sieu*, but I want to be a Little Sister of the Poor."

"Well, come over here and sit down and we'll talk it over."

They sat down on the step of the porch, and the *Cure* put his spectacles in his breviary to mark the place.

"What makes you want to be a nun?"

The good priest's question was quite natural, considering that Ninon was not only the prettiest but also the liveliest girl in St. Jovite. Also there was talk of her marrying young Lajoie, who was now a partner in his father's general store.

Ninon flushed and stammered in bewilderingly pretty fashion. The *Cure* was a good churchman, but he felt that it would be a shame to shut all that up in the convent walls.

"Oh—oh—I don't know, *m'sieu*. I just want it. That's all. But—but—doesn't God call you that way?"

"Oui—oui—but yours seems to be an unusually sudden case."

"Yes, but it is very strong, *m'sieu*. I want to mind the poor old people and the little orphans. I will never marry. I hate men, and I wish to devote my life to God."

She was very vehement in her hatred of men, this bright-eyed little Canadienne—so vehement that the *Cure* pursed his lips slightly and looked off across the garden.

"You hate men, *hein*? All men, *petite*, or just one?"

"Oh—*m'sieu le Cure*—oh—" and Ninon's red lips quivered and her voice faltered and—but the *Cure* saw it coming.

"Oh, I was only joking, *ma mie*. I was only joking. There, that's the girl. You are quite right in wanting to become a nun and in hating those worthless men. But this is a very important step and we must talk it over again. Come back and see me this evening after Benediction. *hein*?

Ninon went on her way, but not rejoicing. Somehow or other the call didn't seem to be so strong, now that she had taken the first step in answer to it. As for the *Cure*, he sat in thought for a minute or two, and then shrugging his shoulders turned the whole problem over to Divine Providence and the future, as being their affair, not his.

He started in again to read his Office. But this was bound to be a morning of interruptions. He had not gone through many of the Latin prayers, reading them out to himself in a snuffling drone, before steps were again heard on the little gravel path and he looked up to see young Philippe Lajoie standing before him hat in hand.

"He, bonjour, Philippe, comment ca va?"

"Bonjour, m'sieu!"

Philippe was evidently in a thoughtful mood. He sat down on the porch step alongside the *Cure* and started to finger his hat in embarrassed fashion. The priest waited.

"Eh bien, mon bon, is there anything you want to see me about?"

"Oui—m'sieu. Is—there any order of priests who go out to teach the cannibals?"

"Sapristi, oui. But what do you want to know that for? You are not thinking of going, I suppose?"

"Oui, m'sieu."

"Quoi donc? To teach the cannibals?"

Philippe nodded.

"Bon Dieu! You too?"

This was certainly too much. There was something startling about this epidemic of religious vocations, and the *Cure* laid his book and glasses down.

"Have you also been hearing a call from God, *hein?*"

"Also? Is anybody else wanting to go to the cannibals, *m'sieu?*"

"Non, non, but——" and then the *Cure* stopped. Perhaps it would be just as well not to tell about Ninon.

"Have you felt like this long?" he asked, to turn the subject a little.

"Non—non, not very long," stammered Philippe, getting very red in the face, "not very long—but I have often thought about it."

"Oh!" and the *Cure's* tone was somewhat dubious. "But why the cannibals especially? Do you feel a particular vocation to be a fricasee?"

"Oh, non, m'sieu. I don't want that. But if God calls me to be a martyr I will try to be brave."

These were very noble sentiments, but the *Cure* was somewhat sceptical.

"They told me you were courting little Ninon Lafrance. What about that, *hein?*"

Poor Philippe got very pale, but he answered as best he could, looking down all the time very earnestly at a shiny pair of patent leather shoes.

"Oh, bien, m'sieu le Cure—perhaps I did just a little. But that is all over now. She doesn't care for me—I mean, I don't court her any more. I am getting the serious ideas, *m'sieu."*

"Je vois bien. But when did you get them, *hein*? Right after quarrelling with her?"

"Non, non, m'sieu. I have often thought like this."

"Parbleu, that is a droll thought to want to go away and be eaten by cannibals. It is not enough for you to come back here and be a *cure* in the country where your parents and friends live, I suppose?" and the *Cure* threw a keen side-long glance at the young fellow beside him.

"I want to go away. I want to go where there is danger, *m'sieu* mumbled poor Philippe.

"Corbleu, mon ami, I believe there would be danger enough for you here—enough and too much."

Philippe looked mystified, but the *Cure* did not explain.

"Eh bien, Philippe," he finally said, slowly rising to his feet, "this cannot be done in a day, *mon garcon*. It takes time and we must talk it over again. I'll tell you what to do. Come over to the presbytere this evening after Benediction, *hein?* We'll talk it over then."

And Philippe, like Ninon, went away with a vague ache somewhere or other and very little of enthusiastic joy at the prospect. But then it surely is enough for a man to be willing to be eaten up, without exacting that he should be cheerfully anxious for it.

The *Cure* walked up and down between the straggling flower-beds which were his constant joy and his occasional care—he was a sentimental gardener—and thought about the sudden activity of the religious spirit of his young people. But somehow or other he didn't seem very much impressed, and there was a humorous drag at the corners of his mouth.

"Ah, les etes de veau!" he finally growled as he turned to enter the house, "oh the calf-heads!"

"Zabette! Zabette!" he shouted from the door, and the lean little grey house-keeper poked her head out of a doorway in answer. Her right name was Elizabeth, but this was easier.

"Oui m'sieu?"

"Eh, bien, Ninon Lafrance and Philippe Lajoie are coming to see me this evening after Benediction. When they come you will put them in the little waiting room at the end of the hall and shut the door. *Comprends-tu*? and you will leave them there till I come down to see them."

Zabette simpered.

"Are they going to be *maries, m'sieu?*"

The *Cure* walked up to her very deliberately and shook a big finger warningly.

"Zabette, Zabette, you know what made Eve eat the apple, *hein?* Well, restrain yourself, *ma bonne*."

Zabette restrained herself till after dinner, and then went out and told everybody about it, so that both Ninon and Philippe were everywhere met by winks and sly jokes, which they didn't understand and which didn't at all contribute to their peace of mind. But the evening came at last, and the villagers gathered in the little church for Benediction. Ninon was there, looking very pretty and very much wrapped up in her devotions but with a corner of her eye for Philippe who was very solemn and glum, as befits a young man contemplating culinary obsequies.

The last prayers were said and the congregation slowly came out, to stand about in front of the church and chat for a few minutes in the mellow twilight, after the kindly custom of the village. Ninon slipped away to her appointment with the *Cure*. Zabette met her at the door.

"What, all alone? *Eh bien*, but where is your gentleman?"

Ninon blushed and said nothing.

"Oh, I suppose, he will be coming later, *n'est-ce pas?*" and Zabette purring like an old tabby showed the way to the little waiting room. She had no sooner left Ninon than there was another ring.

"Tiens! It must be the *beau*."

She hurried to the door, all smiles.

"Ah, m'sieu Philippe. You are late. The lady is already here. *Fie donc*, you should be the first. This way, this way. And Zabette bustled on, simpering and giggling.

"What is the matter with the old woman to-night?" wondered Philippe. But then everybody had been acting strangely to-day, so he shrugged his shoulders and gave up the problem.

He stepped into the room, and heard a startled little exclamation. But for the moment he could not see who it was. Then he recognized Ninon sitting very stiff and prim on the little wooden settee, which with a chair and table formed the furnishings of the little room. He stammered out something or other and turned to the door, which Zabette had closed after him according to orders. But he hesitated with his hand on the knob. It would look strange for him to run away, especially now that he was going to be a martyr. Beside Ninon did not look very terrible there in the half-light, with her hands clasped in her lap and her head bent down.

He came back and sat down on the chair perilously near the edge. In the meantime Zabette had run upstairs to tell the *Cure*.

"Oh, m'sieu," she whispered joyfully, "they are both there—the young ones."

Cure Hebert looked up from his book.

"All right then, leave them there."

"Mon Dieu, m'sieu —"

"Now go away and do as I tell you. Keep away from that room, and besides you needn't bring a lamp there. They won't need much light."

Zabette gasped and struggled for a word. This was unheard of—something scandalous even. But the *Cure's* head went down into his book again, and there was nothing for her to do but to go out and ask old Madame Renaud's advice on the subject.

In the meantime the silence became thicker and thicker in the little waiting room. Philippe's position on the chair became unendurable. He finally moved back a little and almost fell in doing it. Ninon never looked up.

(*Concluded on page* 19.)

SPRING OPENING

We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to attend our Annual Spring display of all the newest English and Parisian styles in women's wear, to be held in our establishment on

WEDNESDAY

MARCH 10th, 1909

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

MAKES ARTISTIC WALLS

The best decorators discourage the use of "old fashioned" wall paper, and recommend Alabastine. Because, with the use of the dainty Alabastine tints much more beautiful and artistic effects can be obtained. You can be your own decorator, too. By following the simple directions we send, anyone can use Alabastine with complete success.

A handsome book, called "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," showing many stylish schemes for using Church's Cold Water Alabastine, will be mailed free to you on request. Let us hear from you by next mail.

Your hardware dealer will sell you 5 lb. package of Alabastine for 50c. Remember Alabastine is the *only* wall finish made of Gypsum rock cement. None genuine without a little church on every package.

The Alabastine Co., Limited Willow Street, Paris, Ontario

FREE LESSONS IN ART EMBROIDERY

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

will extend their series of free lessons in Art Embroidery as conducted by Miss R. J. Barrett and her assistants, until March 12th.

This is an opportunity that no lady desiring to make herself more proficient in any detail of this beautiful work should miss. A magnificent range of designs for working to select from. Some of the finished embroideries on exhibition are noted and well worth your examination.

LABATT'S ALE

is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } **Main** { 6640 / 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building. (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, March 6, 1909. No. 21.

Points About People

Music's Influence.

THE other morning the Women's Musical Club gave a morning recital devoted to Toronto composers, and the Conservatory Hall was crowded with ladies. As they thronged the narrow entrance there appeared unawares a half-grown puppy, whose lineage was obviously most uncertain. His mistress pointedly ignored his presence and tried to look as though a dog were some sort of rare beast which she had never seen. However, the pup followed her up to the gallery, and, though she seated herself in the middle of a row, the pet took his post at the end seat on guard. To late comers it was easy to discern who his owner was by her unconscious look. Occasionally he would make an excursion and receive the attentions of other visitors, to whom his presence proved a pleasant diversion. When a violinist struck into a not very lightsome offering it proved too much for the animal. He whined—not very loudly, indeed rather politely, but nevertheless in positive disapproval.

"Something of a critic, too," commented a brutal masculine visitor.

The next number was a soothing piano composition, and before ten bars had been played the pup was sound asleep. The theme changed in to one of passionate love in thunderous tones. The dog woke up all of a sudden and was just on the verge of barking aloud when the composition subsided into a tender pianissimo. Immediately he drifted into dreamland again, and remained somnolent for the rest of the morning. Another proof that music hath charms to soothe, etc.

Heard at the Art Exhibition.

MR. HOMER WATSON, the president of the Canadian Art Club, which is giving so brilliant an exhibition here at the present time, told a rather good story the other day. He was chatting with a Toronto lady who had just come into the gallery, and during the conversation her eye chanced to fall upon a canvas on the opposite wall.

"That's a beautiful picture!" she exclaimed. "I wonder who painted it?"

Mr. Watson was a little taken aback, and then he added: "I am obliged to confess that I did."

Then he went on to say: "I am certainly luckier than the English artist, Sir Coutts Lindsay. He was once going through an exhibition with a lady when she stopped in front of a picture and remarked: 'That's the worst daub in the room; I wonder who painted it.'

"'Madam, it was I; I admit the soft impeachment,' replied Sir Coutts.

"'Oh, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings,' responded the lady; 'I was only repeating what everybody says.'"

The Pupil Had an Answer.

A FEW months ago some stories related by one of the numerous Canadian girls who are engaged in educational work in New York were told in this department. Here is another from the same source. The young lady is assistant principal in one of the East Side schools, where three thousand children, not one of whose parents can speak more than a word or two of English, are handled. Foreign pupils, however, show a great deal of aptitude. The other day an educationist from Boston was making an investigation of the East Side system and visited the school. The principal took the visitor through all the class rooms to show him the work in actual progress. In one class the reading lesson was going on, and a girl was reading the familiar quotation: "Who steals my purse steals trash."

"Can you tell me who wrote that?" asked the principal.

"Shakespeare," was the correct response.

"And from what play?" pursued the questioner.

"Othello," was the reply.

The principal was indeed proud. Here was a little Russian Jew better informed than many English grown-ups. So she pursued the interrogation:

"And now can you tell me some other play that Shakespeare wrote?"

The pupil hesitated for a moment at a loss and then found inspiration in the recollection of a drama running in one of the Bowery theatres that week.

"Sing-Sing to Liberty," she glibly replied.

It is said to be a fact that many beginners imagine that Shakespeare wrote the whole English drama.

An Ecclesiastical Joke.

THE name Cowley is one to conjure with in Church of England circles in the Canadian West. It is a name borne by clergymen and educationists, and comes down from Archdeacon Cowley, who was for fifty years a leader in missionary work on the lower Red River, both among Indians and white men. In those days of laying the foundations he was the Bishop's right-hand man. In particular he was the Bishop's examining chaplain. It was his duty to examine candidates for the ministry and test their fitness intellectually, morally, and physically for the work in that strenuous country. Candidates say he never failed to put them through a rigorous examination, but when the candidate was successful he used to wind up with an ecclesiastical joke. The list of doctrinal and historical questions would be closed with this one:

"Tell me, sir, how did David like his meat cooked?"

No student was ever known to answer. It took his breath away, and generally when he admitted he could not answer, he asked the examiner to tell him.

"He liked it well done."

"But where are we told that?"

"Why in the Psalms does he not say that certain conduct vexes his soul as a thing that is raw?"

And the way the austere examiner enjoyed this little joke showed the nervous candidate that his examination had been satisfactory.

The Tune the Telegram Doesn't Like.

THE members of the staff of The Evening Telegram are devoted to sport. The news editor curls with the Granites for the Tankard, the city editor sails to Put-in-Bay with the yacht squadron. There are lawn bowlers and tenpin rollers, youthful hockeyists, and veteran riflemen, among the journal's writers. Each follows the recreation of his taste, be it baseball or lawn tennis, but in gentler pastimes diversity does not rule. They nearly all sing, and the favorite song is "O Canada." It is a glad sight, if not a glad sound, when the news editor and the exchange editor, the Queen's Park reporter and the police court reporter, with a lot of undesignated reporters, line up under the baton of a former wooer of Melpomene, and shout lustily Canada's National Anthem.

Considering the editorial attitude, it would be difficult to tell whether independence or a sense of humor is better typified when these "vocal voices out-vociferize even sound itself"; but the noise suggests either, rather than anything related to music. "O Canada" may recall to the untutored "the tune which the organ plays when the pall-bearers are entering the church," but when sung by The Telegram choir it more strongly resembles the tune which the Irishman sings about the poor man that had but one cow.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

THERE have been some amusing presentations to public men in Toronto, but none more so in one sense than that made recently by the Canadian National Exposition Board to its popular retiring president, Mr. W. K. George.

It was literally a case of the old saying that some people would even carry coals to Newcastle.

Mr. George is the moving spirit in a company which manufactures all kinds of silverware. What more fitting than that the Exposition Board should make him a present of a cabinet of silver as an evidence of their appreciation of his services?

That's exactly what they did!

When W. C. Wilkinson was "Stung."

A MAN of inquisitive mind often takes a chance when he asks questions. This fact was impressed on Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, secretary-treasurer of the Toronto Board of Education, by a rather amusing incident on his recent trip through the British Isles.

It was in good old Glasgow that Mr. Wilkinson got up on the seat beside the driver of a bus, and started to converse with a rather taciturn Scot. The man answered his questions civilly, though, and finally the Canadian showed a thirst for information on the wage question.

After learning what men in the various trades earned, the Toronto traveller thought he'd sound the cabby.

"If it's not too personal a question, my man, how much do you make?"

The canny Scot turned and looked him straight in the face without even the suspicion of a smile.

"I drive this bus eighteen hours every day, sir, for a pound a week, and I couldn't support my wife and six children on that if it wasn't for the tips I get from gentlemen like you, sir."

Mr. Wilkinson was fairly caught. He knew it, and without a word his hand went into his right trousers pocket and emerged with a coin. Then the Scot smiled.

A Toronto Murder that Puzzled Conan Doyle.

ONE of the most deplorable things about a mysterious murder is the manner in which the general public loses its head and manufactures evidence out of airy imaginings. There has been repeated this week precisely what happened in this city a dozen years ago, when a prominent young man of Parkdale was shot in the doorway of his own home under most mysterious circumstances. The great grief of his family was augmented in a most terrible degree by the base and morbid suspicions of the local public, not unassisted by one or two indiscreet police officers.

It subsequently turned out that the murder had been committed in a manner exceeding the sensations of the crudest melodrama by a young woman in men's clothing who took this means of avenging a fancied insult. Then the public mind was relieved, but people turned about and made a heroine of the young woman.

It is interesting to note that in connection with this case the services of Sir A. Conan Doyle were enlisted and shown to be much less efficient than that of his creation, Sherlock Holmes. At the time the murder occurred Doyle was lecturing in America under Major Pond's management. It occurred to the city editor of a morning newspaper that an opinion from him would intensely interest the public. He was pretty sure of an answer, because the novelist was booked to appear in Toronto and his management was far too astute to let slip such a chance for publicity. So a plain story of the crime was sent to him, together with newspaper clippings covering all available points in the story. Conan Doyle courteously replied, stating that it would be impossible for him to formulate a theory, that the facts were all so curious as to admit of many theories.

By the time he came to Toronto the mystery had been unravelled, and in an interview he told the reporter of the journal in question that there was one very good reason why he never publicly attempted to solve real murders.

"You see," said he, "in my stories I reach my solution first, and invent my details afterward."

It will be seen that the demand for Sherlock Holmes, whenever a capital crime occurs, is a bit illogical.

A book has been published in Berlin, called "William II." which declares that the famous telegram to President Kruger was not sent by the German Emperor, but was the united product of the German Foreign Office.

Another Hidden-Treasure Story.

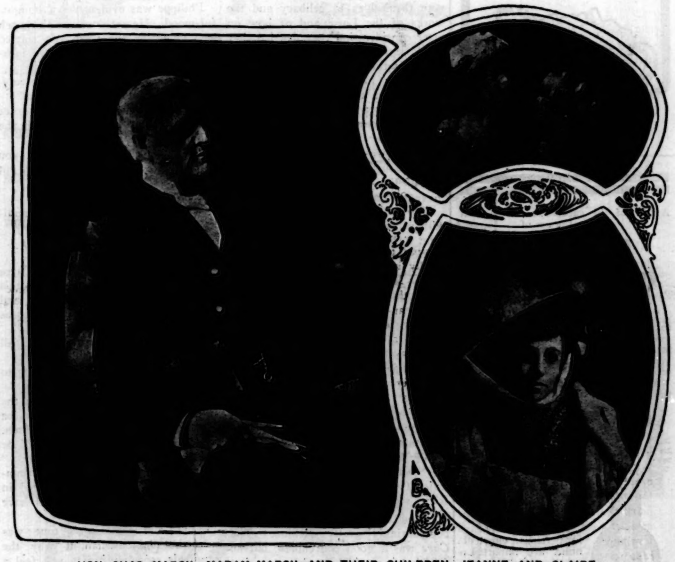
THE latest story about a hidden treasure and an unsuccessful attempt to recover it comes from the Transvaal. It is not concerned with the mythical Kruger millions but with a mass of buried wealth which was once the property of Lobengula, King of the Matabeles.

Five men only knew the place where the treasure was deposited, and of them only one is alive to-day—John Jacobs, a native minister, who was at one time private secretary to Lobengula, and who has lately returned to Johannesburg after an expedition in quest of the treasure, which he says consists of $14,000,000 in coin, thirty-six bars of raw gold, ten wagonloads of ivory and 400 diamonds.

Rather more than a year ago, according to The Transvaal Leader, Jacobs entered into negotiations with a Johannesburg prospector, as the result of which both men, accompanied by Jacobs's two sons and another man, set out for the north, trekking into regions rarely traversed by white people. They were absent for over a year. They did not bring back the treasure, but say they are firmly convinced they have found the spot where it lies. Difficulties of transport, the obtaining of food and water, etc., caused the abandonment of the search. Another expedition is to be organized.

John D. Archbold, of Standard Oil, once confessed that when he feared certain oil wells were about to dry up he hurriedly unloaded all his stocks upon unsuspecting buyers. A New York critic in The Nation says: "Was this honorable? Or let us suppose that a powerful railroad system evinces a desire to purchase a weak road, is it fair that the insiders should make speculative uses of their information?" Concerning these questions The Nation expresses the opinion that it is this inside jugglery of stocks that is driving the outside investor from stocks to bonds, since the latter are less susceptible to manipulation, and cannot be influenced by changes in dividend rates, which are a common source of enormous profits to directors. This unscrupulous abuse of inside knowledge is one of the blackest features of modern high finance in the United States.

The New Speaker of the House of Commons and His Family



HON. CHAS. MARCIL, MADAM MARCIL AND THEIR CHILDREN, JEANNE AND CLAIRE.

WHATEVER might be thought of Hon. Charles Marcil's other qualifications for the position of Speaker of the House of Commons, to which he has lately been appointed, even his worst enemy would have to admit that he at least looks the part. A big, broad-shouldered man, stalwart and erect, with a handsome big head set on top of his big body. The face, which is something suggestive of Thomas Edison's, is unusually attractive because of the unfailing boyishness of the expression. The Hon. Charles Marcil looks to be the same good fellow he always was in the old days, when he was one of the "boys" in newspaperdom and known to half the country as plain "Charlie" Marcil.

But that Mr. Marcil has many other qualifications besides his good looks, is abundantly evident from the story of his career. Born at Ste. Scholastique in 1860, he was the son of a French father and an Irish mother—a combination more than sufficient to explain his unusual abilities as a speaker. It would have been strange, indeed, if the "gift of the gab" had been denied him under those circumstances. Journalism was Mr. Marcil's chosen work, and soon after he reached man's estate, he was engaged in newspaper work in Montreal. Here he proved himself a capable man, and was soon reckoned among the best of them. But his interests began to widen and to extend beyond journalism, and it was not long before he started active work in the field of politics, where his success has since been so distinguished. His beginning, however, was one to discourage a man not possessed of splendid pluck and fighting qualities. Twice in succession was he defeated in his endeavors to get a seat in the Provincial Legislature of Quebec. Then he sought honors in a wider field, and here at last his perseverance got its reward. He was elected to the House of Commons as member for Bonaventure, and twice since then have his constituents given him renewed proof of their confidence in him by returning him as their representative. Mr. Marcil's work in Parliament was of a very high standard, and this was given public recognition by his appointment as Deputy Speaker. He filled this position with credit to himself and satisfaction to the House; and now comes the greater honor of the Speaker's Chair, to which he was appointed at the opening of the present Parliament.

In view of the fact that by her husband's appointment to the position of Speaker she has become the mistress of the House of Commons, Madame Marcil occupies a place in the public eye scarcely less notable than that of her husband. And it may be said that one reason why Mr. Marcil's appointment has been so popular is that Madame Marcil is a very great favorite in Ottawa and Montreal society. During her four years' residence in Ottawa, while her husband was Deputy Speaker, she proved herself a capable and popular hostess, and has been in every sense a valued addition to the social life of the Capital.

Madame Marcil is the daughter of the late James Pearson, of Montreal, and in February, 1892, when only eighteen, became the bride of Mr. Marcil. The marriage has proven a most happy one, and Madame Marcil, by her unswerving devotion and lively interest is a tower of strength to her husband, having accompanied him always throughout his political campaigns and electioneering, and having found her greatest pleasure in keeping in touch with all he undertakes and accomplishes. Particularly by the younger set in society is Madame Marcil most warmly welcomed and admired, her characteristic vivacity and geniality and innate love for all that is bright and joyous drawing them irresistibly around her.

In appearance Madame Marcil is *brunette*, with large expressive brown eyes and mobile features. She favors the prevailing mode of Directoire gown, and being of average height and slight and graceful in figure, it becomes her exceedingly.

The Speaker and Madame Marcil have two daughters, Jeanne and Claire. Jeanne, who is in her sixteenth year, is being educated at the Sacred Heart Convent, Sault au Recollet. Next year her parents propose sending her to the Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, to take the course of Domestic Science; and then, possibly, the following season, Mademoiselle Jeanne will make her debut in Ottawa society. Mademoiselle Claire, who is eleven years of age, is with her mother, and is receiving private tuition.

Madame Marcil is fond of music, and has studied under Monsieur Joseph Saucier, of Montreal, the famous Canadian baritone. Possessing a well-trained mezzo-soprano voice of fine quality, and being a good instrumentalist as well, she is one of the leading spirits in musical circles. Madame Marcil's musicales of past seasons have always proved most enjoyable, and she has signified her intention of having a series of them during the present Lenten season. Madame Marcil is a member of the Ladies' Morning Music Club, of Ottawa, and also of the Women's Historical Society, of Ottawa.

The Speaker's apartments in the new wing of the House of Commons are extremely handsome and spacious. Evidences of good taste and artistic perceptions surround one on all sides, and the Louis XVI. drawing-room is splendidly effective. All has been done under Madame Marcil's own personal direction.

THE ART AND HISTORY OF SKATING

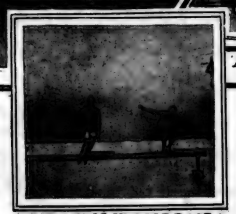
By MR. GEORGE A. MEAGHER

The World's Champion Figure Skater

THE M·A·A·RINK ~ MONTREAL

A SKATING RACE · MONTREAL

AT THE M·A·A·RINK · MONTREAL



· A SKATING HURDLE RACE ·

ALL over the country is heard the ring and swish of the skaters' steel as joyfully they chase hither and thither, or indulge in the "bracket," "rocker," or, more infatuating still, in the "valse." Think of the thousands who skate—the lakes and ponds being dotted with the young, the old, the strong, and the fair. And see how astonishingly few become proficient on the glittering blades! What can be more tempting to the lover of the "poetry of motion" than a crisp cold winter's day and a great sheet of glare ice?

Intensely absorbing is the learning of new movements or the practising of the old, such as "rockers," "brackets," etc. But much practice is required to thoroughly master even one good figure, especially if that be the "double eight" on one foot backwards. Many years of hard grinding are necessary, and even then some cannot overcome its difficulties. They try and try again; they go at it calmly and they rush at it, but all to no avail—and why? Because they are ignorant of the fact that balance in artistic skating is practically everything, not physical strength, or the number of times a movement is attempted. It is a question whether the knack of this "poetry of motion" can be learned by everyone, or whether it is inborn in just the few who are so much at home when shod with steel that they can at will change to this, that, or the other direction, forwards and backwards, swift and slow, as easily and gracefully as the soaring and sweeping sea gull. When we watch a skater executing the grapevine, figure eight, cross-roll, and a few other skatorial creations, we are inclined to remark that he or she is, to use an Americanism a "crackerjack." However, upon closely following their performances for a short time we soon discover that their *repertoire* becomes exhausted; and, strange to add, we find this among some of the world's noted artists.

* * *

"O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flowing ground
Thus lightly skims and haste away."
—*St. Liedwi (the skaters' patron saint).*

HOW astonishingly few are aware that skating has a patron saint! St. Liedwi was born at Schiedam in 1380. Persuaded by her girl friends to skate for her health's sake, against her own inclinations, she was knocked down accidentally on rough ice in 1396, a rib being broken inwards. For the rest of her life she was an invalid. During her lifetime of extreme piety and devotion, visions and marvels surrounded her; and even miracles, belief runs, followed her death in 1433. In 1616 she was beatified, and in 1890 was sanctified. Some relics of her are preserved in the Carmelite monastery in Brussels. Owing, perhaps, to ignorance of the foregoing relations, we have never heard of devotees on the eve of some important competition invoking her aid, or dedicating wax tapers to her shrine.

* * *

IT may astonish some to know that over 5,000 figures are possible on a single pair of skates; and 10,000 more, had the skater perfect command of his edges. In fact, under these conditions practically every design that ever entered the brain of the greatest pencil artist could be transferred to the ice. It must be admitted that no past-master of this graceful art has ever achieved such perfection, but, nevertheless, there are the possibilities. An expert needs but little practice or teaching to acquire anything new. A mere sight of a diagram is sufficient; instinctively he knows where to begin, where the edge changes come, where to finish, and how to balance for it. But certain difficult figures seem to suit some experts, and are almost impossible to others. To my mind, however, the truly superior exponent is he who can accomplish the greatest number of difficult movements with the greatest ease and grace.

* * *

TO excel in "artistic skating" one must have absolute command of all of the edges, forward and backward, and be gifted also with an eye for the beautiful. One must be, as it were, an engraver with his feet, and be as sure of every line and touch as the great violinist with his bow and the painter with his brush. In fine, in the art of figure-skating, as in all art, the concealment of the effort is essential. What mystifies the spectator is the ease and grace with which an expert can execute the most intricate and difficult movements with no apparent strain. In reality much power is not required—only the knowledge and cunning of the art of balance. Another important secret is to know how to reserve one's strength—a rule that holds good in all sports.

REGARDING "school skating," a huge mistake I fear, is made by most experts of all countries—conforming to only one school. The perfect exponent should be as much at home in one as in the other. It is, then, not only gratifying to himself, but to the onlookers as well, when he disports himself on foreign ice. American enthusiasts often admit that they would make but a poor showing at a foreign competition, owing to their inability to skate the English and Swedish movements. Champions of the Old World have told us precisely the same thing regarding Canadian and American contests. Narrowness on this score is not uncommon, and certainly seems a pity, as it is unmistakably a barrier to this grand old winter sport.

* * *

CANADA'S prettiest skating grounds are undoubtedly the ponds at Government House, Ottawa, which were constructed by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava and have been used for this purpose ever since. A remarkable Canadian outside paradise for trippers of the light fantastic on skates is among the Thousand Islands. Here one may travel eight miles in one direction and sixty miles in the other and always be within a few feet of a treed island. Some of these islands are so tiny that they amount to a single rock with one tree sprouting up, while others are fifteen miles in length by five or six in breath. Another delightful, but small, skating spot is at Vesint, about fifteen miles from Paris, France. Vesint contains a lake surrounded by a huge forest. In the centre is an island about one hundred yards or more in length, containing many large trees and a pretty rustic skate and tea-house. From the island to the main land are daintily decorated rustic bridges, underneath which the skaters pass. Here in use may be seen the pretty old-fashioned swan-like skating chairs that we have seen, heretofore, only under the painter's brush. Another uncommon fashion at the club is skating with a pole twelve feet long, covered with bright crimson or blue plush tipped at either ends with polished brass knobs. Sometimes as many as eight or ten skaters, all gripping this with both hands, skate abreast, the pole moving from left to right and vice versa as the arms swing naturally when skating straightaway. The lake in the famous Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N.Y., perhaps has more skaters to the square inch than any skating ground extant. As many as eighty thousand persons have tripped the light fantastic at this resort in a single afternoon.

* * *

REGARDING the humors of skating a volume might be written. But perhaps the phase of the sport may be dismissed by relating one authentic incident. The following interesting card appeared last season at the entrance to a rink in Western Canada:

NOTICE! Rink closed. Too cold for skating. By order.

AN eight-year-old youngster recently came to her father after church service one Sunday and astonished him by saying:

"Daddy, have I any children?"

The old man dropped his newspaper and regarded her in amazement.

"What?" he demanded.

"Have I any children?" doggedly repeated the child.

"Well, I should hope not," replied the father. "May I ask the reason of this startling question?"

"Why, in church this morning," explained the youngster, "the minister preached about children's children and I wondered if I had any."

When pleasure becomes a habit, it ceases to be a pleasure.—March Smart Set.

Rhyme of Pleasant Things.

SAUNTERING and daundering adown the pleasant ways,
Strolling and lolling through the golden days,
Where the nodding daisies blow and the sunflowers blaze,
What is there more pleasant than sauntering?

Smoking and joking before the village inn,
Laughing and quaffing, no thought of grief or sin,
All that's ugly hidden in the smoke-wreaths floating thin,
Is there aught so pleasant as smoking?

Loving and proving the love of a dear maid,
Whose kisses are blisses more sweet than words e'er said.
While the merry stars wink down on the twilit glade,
There's surely naught so pleasant as loving.

PETER O'DEE.

An Archbishop's Ideals.

THE new Archbishop of York has been making a number of speeches in which he has given expression to his personal ideals and his ideals for the Anglican church. At Sheffield the other day he said:

"Every thinking man must think out his own position in religious matters, and he would be a very poor sort of man, let alone Bishop, unless during the past years he had tried to think out his own position. But whatever that might be he had no concern directly with the exercise of the duties of a Bishop. He could say with all his heart, and so far as he knew with perfect honesty, that it would be his determination to know no man after his party or his school of thought. All he asked about every man, what he thought they had a right to ask of him, that he should do his best to save the souls of his people and to elevate the life of his parish.

"Beyond that," he said, "there is—I think we are all recognizing now—not only a need but a desire for a large-hearted spirit of toleration in our national churches. Nothing is more remarkable, I think, than the way in which the spirit of God is leading men and minds to understand one another better than they did. Of course, there are limits to this toleration. The Church of England is not, and cannot be, if it is to have any power, a mere nebulous collection of any sort of opinion and practice. It has a mind of its own. That mind, so far as it can be expressed in words, is expressed in the two words which sum up the whole experience of its life—Catholic and Reformed."

But that mind, though it was definite, was also roomy and hospitable, and he thought what they had to do now was not so much to belittle the points and principles of difference as to study them with a candid and charitable mind. They had all to learn from one another.

Vancouver Forging Ahead.

LAST year, says The Saturday Sunset, of Vancouver, the assessed value of Vancouver's property increased nearly $11,000,000. With buildings projected and now in course of construction, and industries to be undertaken, new railway and shipping developments already commencing, 1909 will easily maintain a similar increase. This week sees the first shipment of Alberta grain and flour to Liverpool via this port, consisting of 5,000 sacks of flour and 6,000 bushels of wheat; a small beginning, it is true, but nevertheless a starter. This practical demonstration of the feasibility of routing Alberta grain by this port is one of the most important incidents in the city's commercial history, and it is not too much to expect that at least one elevator will be in operation here to handle next year's crop.

Railway developments here, confirmed the pessimistic tone of Seattle newspapers, indicate that the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Land purchases around False Creek are fraught with all the significance with which they were first regarded. There is now little doubt that 1909 will see the establishment of great terminals here, the register of the Hill steamer changed to this port, the erection of a union station, the improvement of the False Creek commenced, the establishment of many industries along its shores, the completion of the bridges and the opening of new districts to the south. The prospects for the early delivery of Stave Lake power to the city and district are also growing bright, and this will mean cheaper power and electric traction rates.

The saintly thing about a woman, remarks The New York Press, is how she can adore a man that nobody else can tolerate.

REV. DR. CARMAN — REV. GEORGE JACKSON

These are the pictures of the two Methodist clergymen whose discussion of the book of Genesis has created such a sensation in Toronto religious circles. Rev. Dr. Carman, who holds for the historical truth of the book in question, is the General Superintendent of the Methodist Conference. Rev. Mr. Jackson, his opponent and the advocate of a less matter-of-fact interpretation, is the pastor of the Sherbourne street church. The differing viewpoints of the two men are admirably illustrated by their pictures. That of Dr. Carman shows him to be a man on whom the weight of years have fallen and who therefore is apt to look on things through the eyes of tradition and a past generation. While Rev. Mr. Jackson's picture shows the vigor and daring of youth, and perhaps also some of youth's intolerance of the institutions of the past.

Sports When We Were Young

Some Recollections of An Old Boy

By H. W. JAKEWAY

PHOTOGRAPHS of people engaged in Canadian winter sports have appeared numerously in the newspapers of the Dominion this season. Ten or fifteen years ago illustration by photo-engraving was not the important feature in journalism here that it is to-day. Then when an editor or publisher wished to give distinctive Canadian character to a Christmas or special issue he filled it with pictures of dreary winter scenes and of people swathed in furs who looked as though their one hope and prayer was for summer or death. Little wonder it was that Europeans, and even many of our cousins across the American border, formed the opinion that Canada was a land of almost eternal frost, and that life here combined the rigors of Indian and Esquimaux existence without the picturesqueness of either. Then came a period when Canadian papers seemed ashamed of printing any kind of winter pictures at all. Now, however, they are beginning to realize that the world at large has a better knowledge of our summer climate than of our winter climate. The world is learning that we have enough sunshine and enough good land to grow cereals to supply the needs of the whole race; that we only want the men to push the work. But fear and misunderstanding of our winters are yet very widespread. Now the newspapers are dissipating these absurd notions by printing pictures that tell the truth—pictures that show Canadians enjoying themselves in winter, instead of suffering from its rigors.

It is only to be regretted that boys and girls in our cities—and in our small towns, too, for that matter—do not get the fun from winter sports that used to be got from them some years ago. The man who spent his early days in the country has a great pity for boys who are brought up in a city the size of Toronto. To him it is always quite a pathetic sight to see a group of lusty kids indulging in some game on a dinky little vacant lot, or trying to play hockey in the narrow confines of a street, with one eye out for order-loving householders and scandalized policemen.

Among the photographs of winter sports recently reproduced in a local newspaper was one that must have brought up many a smiling memory to men now tied to city desks, but whose boyhood days were spent far from the madding crowd. The photographer had caught two boys in the act of choosing sides for a hockey game on one of the improvised rinks to be seen on vacant lots in various places in the city. The boys were "choosing up" in the time-honored fashion followed by country boys. The stick had been tossed from one boy to the other and each had grabbed it by turns, hand over hand, the one securing the last hold being entitled to first choice among the players. Some of the bigger lads in the picture looked like Collegiate boys, and no doubt they had a politer term for the ceremony than the old one of "choosin' up sides." But it was a pleasant thing to see this old custom honored by observance.

Few, however, of these boys—few city boys anywhere—have any idea of the heroic atmosphere associated with the old game of shinny that used to be played on the mill-ponds and ice-covered fields of the country before hockey was invented. With the approach of winter, or as soon as the juvenile mind deemed that the ice "would hold" the boys of a village community took to the woods to provide themselves with shinny sticks. They went armed with axes or hatchets, and, scratching and scraping carefully and cunningly around the roots of promising saplings, they searched for good crooks. The best stick was one with which the owner could either strike a mighty blow or drag the puck with him as he dodged through his opponents. And no Klondike or Cobalt miner ever gloated more gleefully over a find than did the boy who discovered a shinny stick just to his liking. These barbarous-looking clubs were carried home and shaped up with jack-knives in various woodsheds. Then came the game! The "choosing up" was done, and there was always a big, husky fellow ready to hammer mightily on the top of the stick to see if the winner had a fair hold. There were no factory-made rubber pucks in those days. Anything was good enough as long as it "stood the racket." A good hard knot whittled smooth and round was considered ideal for the purpose. And it was called, not a puck, but "the pluck," as being more euphonious. Everybody on hand played. There might be ten or twenty or fifty on a side, and a small kid too many on one side didn't matter. Then, according to the rubrics, one faction was allowed to "pluck off." This was done by the strongest and most skillful "man" and the performance was considered a great honor. He placed the "pluck" in a good position at the goal, after the manner of a golfer "driving off" and hit it a tremendous blow. There are cases on record where he scored a goal, "holed out," as it were, at one blow. But as a rule the "pluck off" merely started a terrific struggle in which no rule was observed but "shinny on your own side."

But what an education that game was! It has often been observed that country boys win the big prizes of life. At all events rough-and-tumble shinny and other games have helped many country and village boys to get a good working knowledge of human nature very early in life. In these games, which were little short of primitive combats, the innocent youth learned the value of pluck and patience and honor. He soon discovered that the most formidable looking of boys were sometimes welchers when put to the pinch. He learned what qualities are to be associated with certain kinds of eyes and chins, and, more than all, with various kinds of mouths; and he learned the most effective way of playing the game according to his strength and wit. And later on when in cities he found himself brushing against various types of men he knew what those types were. Games among boys are not what they were in the country, perhaps. They have covered rinks in most villages now, as well as electric lights and other things. The old shinny stick, the old "pluck," are no more. But there will always be plenty of free, open-air sport beyond the city. It is up to the fathers and wise men of our cities to do all they can toward giving the boys in our big centres as much chance as possible of learning the vital lessons of life that country boys learn in their play both in winter and summer.

Mrs. Russell Sage is said to pay the heaviest tax of any person in the city of New York. The tax books show that twenty New York women are assessed for upward of $17,000,000, and more than a score of others are required to pay from $250,000 to $100,000.

MOTORS AND MOTORISTS

MR. WILLIAM DOBIE

President of the Ontario Motor League, an organization which is showing remarkable growth in membership and influence.

ONE of the assertions of those who would like to see motorists badgered to death and motor-cars fairly legislated off the face of the earth is that automobiles play terrible havoc with roads in town and country. Ever since motoring became popular the claim has been heard that pneumatic tires supporting such weighty vehicles, skidding, and other things incidental to the fast driving of autos are very damaging to highways and prevent advancement in road building. For some time car owners either laughed at these assertions or paid no attention to them. But now they are beginning to have substantial reasons for resenting them and for taking vigorous action to disprove them. And in this connection a most interesting practical experiment is about to be tried in Pennsylvania.

At a recent convention of road supervisors in that state, the question of the deteriorating effects on roadways caused by automobiling was brought up. An argument ensued and grew very hot. Finally one of the supervisors who uses an automobile offered to stand the bulk of the expense of building two strips of road exactly alike, the one to be used by automobiles, the other by horse-drawn traffic. It is not yet known whether or not these pieces of roadway will be given any special treatment designed to lay the dust. It is presumed, however, that they will be of ordinary macadamized construction. The experiment will be watched with interest all over the continent.

In the Southern Seas, out beyond the coasts of Australia, is the island of Tasmania. It is off the great highways of commerce, but, contrary to the belief of many who seldom get far away from the world's great centres of population, it is keeping step in the march of progress.

It was a wool grower, W. Gibson, of Scone, near Launceton, in Tasmania, who bought the first eighteen horse-power touring car of 1907 model that was sent out from a certain American factory. In fact, so anxious was he to secure the car without delay that a 1907 engine was fitted into a 1906 body and the shipment hastened by this arrangement.

* * *

More and more does the automobile figure in the despatches, and in most unexpected ways, too. A news item from Chicago this week informs us that a clergyman in the Windy City has retired from the ministry and gone to selling motor cars in order, so he says, to earn enough money to properly support and educate his family. A facetious paragrapher, however, thinks that a man who fails to coax church collections can scarcely expect to be a shining success in getting cash for automobiles.

* * *

The Glidden tour, in which practically all motorists in Canada as well as in the United States are interested, will, in all probability, be held in the West this year. Detroit is making a strong effort to have the tour started from that city.

* * *

Here is a pointer for municipal councils in Canada. The municipal government of New York City has bought and now operates about one hundred motor vehicles, valued at present at about $300,000. It conducts a model garage, and outside of the cost of chauffeur, which averages some $1,200 a year, the cost of upkeep, including tires, gasolene, lubricating oil, repairs, etc., does not average $250 per machine. And the machines are garaged right in the heart of the city, where ground rent is higher than in any other city in the world.

The combined municipalities of the various States of the United States have probably spent $10,000,000 for automobiles—not for the encouragement and advancement of the industry, but for the efficiency of the public service—realizing how much time can be saved and how much better work can be done by mechanical traction.

* * *

In Europe, strange as it may seem, people have been quicker to perceive and take advantage of the possibilities of the automobile than Canada or the United States. In Austria, for example the government has for the past five years made a yearly appropriation of two million kroven for the purchase and maintenance of automobiles in its various departments. The Post Office gathers up and delivers its mail by automobile, and the army uses the automobile trucks exclusively for baggage and transport wagons. In its hospital corps, telegraph service, fire department and in every branch of the service where speed and economy are necessary advantage has been taken of the automobile as a modern medium of transportation. It is provided by law that all vehicles supplied to the government shall be of domestic manufacture.

In France the automobile plays an important part in army manoeuvres, and whenever the car can be used in public service the French manufacturer is given business. The French government conducts tests in commercial motors in order to determine which manufacturers are making the most progress, and encouragement is given to the auto trade all along the line.

Germany has also given very substantial encouragement to makers of cars. In the last four years about 12,000,000 marks have been set aside by the government of that country for the purchase of autos for various services. These purchases are made on the advice of the Department of Engineers, who are constantly investigating the merits of various types.

* * *

Last year, as shown by a recent public statement $467,000,000 was spent in the United States as a result of the existence of the automobile industry. This means, says a writer in The New York Herald, that every farmer, hotel keeper or industrial worker in that country received some share of benefit through the use of the one hundred and sixty thousand motor vehicles now running in that country.

* * *

It is reported from Denver that a score or more of entries have been made for the Denver to City of Mexico endurance run. The trophy, it is announced, will be in the form of a mountain of gold and silver, with the flags of the two countries, formed of various colored stones, crossed in front.

* * *

An English motorist has evolved the motor apron. He appreciated the fact that autoists have ruined many dollars' worth of clothing by being splashed with mud and coated with dust. He has therefore supplied a coat furnished with an apron of the same material as the garment. It is intended for use both by men and women.

* * *

Motorists fond of touring will be interested in a new type of body designed by a member of the Automobile Club of America. The novel feature of the body is an inclined floor in the tonneau. This relieves the tension on the ankles of those riding in the rear seat. The rear seat is higher than the one in front, in order to give an unimpaired view; and under it there is a compartment large enough to hold four large suit cases. This compartment is made dust proof and water proof.

* * *

Despatches from Berlin record details of the Prince Henry tour for 1909, the event superseding the "Herkomer," and which will take place from June 9 to 19. The rules which will govern during the contest were formulated by the Imperial Automobile Club, Berlin; Austrian Automobile Club, Vienna; Hungarian Automobile Club, Buda Pesth, and Bavarian Automobile Club, Munich, as the product of careful deliberation, having in view the fact that the contest is to be deprived of all racing tendencies, and therefore will be a reliability run under carefully devised conditions.

The feature of this tour which makes it one of more than ordinary general interest is the fact that freak cars are barred. All machines competing must be four or six-cylinder vehicles—not racing machines. They must all be at least four-seated, with double side entrance and doors, have steps of full length, and must fulfil all the police regulations for street and traffic. They must all be fitted with two brakes acting independently of each other, exhaust, three lamps, of which one must be attached to the rear in order to light up the Prince Henry number, reverse, hill climb drag and a single-toned signal. The cars must also be painted and varnished and have four mudguards of at least 200 millimeters breadth, measured horizontally to the length of the car. These may not be displaceable. The construction of the cars—the seating arrangements, chassis drop, etc.—must all be of a practical character. And no advertisements must be carried. This looks like a *bona fide* endurance test.

* * *

A writer in an automobile periodical points out that in view of the fact that the earlier records of cost of maintenance were sometimes quite high, and in further view of the proneness of men to mention the things which impress them most, it generally happens that the cars which went about their business failed to receive mention, while the cars which run up a repair bill were mentioned in song and story time and again.

And in connection with this reminder it is interesting to consider one of the most remarkable facts ever brought to the surface in the automobile world. A car-owner in New York has given conclusive evidence that he has with one car covered 29,000 miles at a cost in repairs of only $90. This owner's name is W. L. Lewis, and the car used was of a regular stock four-cylinder 60 horse-power pattern. Mr. Lewis, of course, employed a good chauffeur. And the record made seems to point a moral: the way to keep down the cost of maintenance is to thoroughly understand your car and how to run it. The 29,000 miles were made in two seasons. The car was put into commission in 1907 and 12,000 miles were covered, a good part of the traveling being made in winter. The cost of repairs at the end of the season was $40. With the season over, the chauffeur went over the car with the care born of much skill and a desire to distinguish himself from the class of men who pretend to be competent, but who fail to make good, with the result that the motor was carefully overhauled, the cylinders were cleaned out, valves ground to a tight seat, oiling system overhauled, piping gone over, etc., thus rendering the motor as "sweet" running as the day it came from the maker.

During 1908 the car, despite the hard service of the previous season, exhibited rare touring qualities, and ran 17,000 miles, exceeding the first year's run by 5,000 miles. The cost of maintenance was found to be only $50. At the close of the season it was decided to give the car the benefit of a good overhauling, which the chauffeur undertook, and carried out successfully. The same man did all the work from the start, and it is interesting to note that in making repairs, while he did replace parts much the worse for wear, the fact remains that he made adjustments rather than replacements in nine cases out of ten, thus showing that it is not necessary to go to great expense in many cases, if only the chauffeur is competent.

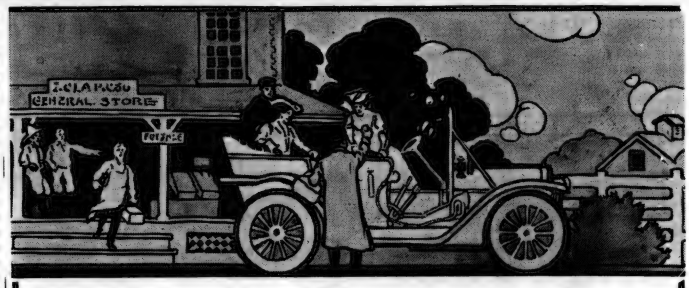
It will be observed that the whole performance showed that the car did not get into serious trouble at any time, and it is true as well that the repairs made could be far more expensive in the absence of a man who saved the situation. The incidental costs of running the car were very fair, indeed, in that besides $0.0031 per mile, cost of repairs, the gasoline bill was on a basis of 11 to 12 miles per gallon, while the lubricating oil bill footed up on a basis of 150 to 160 miles per gallon. On a few occasions the lubricating bill fell off to 200 miles per gallon, but the average was as above given.

* * *

Fire and police departments—nearly all branches of civic government in fact—are in the larger cities of the continent finding the automobile not only useful but indespensable. For example a large car was recently put into commission by the Pittsburg police. As to the scope of the work to be done by this car, the following statement was made by Edward G. Lang, director of the public safety of that city:

"Pittsburg is getting to be a very big city, and the need of a police automobile has long been realized in this department." Mr. Lang says: "It is not a police luxury; it is an absolute necessity. By the use of this automobile we can save much time and greatly facilitate the work of the police. In case of a riot we can hurry six or eight men to the scene with heavy guns. If there is a murder or burglary in the outlying districts we can get there quickly with sufficient men to handle almost any case of violation of the law without depending on street cars, which are an uncertain means of transportation, especially after midnight.

Returning Husband—Oh, and I say, Laura, before I left town, Mrs. Hugh Wilson gave me three enormous pears for you. I ate one in the train, sat on another, and gave the third away. Don't forget to write and thank her! —Punch.



The Real Delights of a Country Run are Only Yours if You Own an *Oldsmobile*

To thoroughly enjoy a long motor trip—or even a short jaunt, that takes one any distance from places that supply stimulants to jaded motor cars—one must feel that his car is independent of outside assistance; in other words, that it possesses—in the fullest possible degree—*"Roadability."*

There is only one way to have that feeling. Own a car that has back of it a reputation gained by the complete satisfaction that it has given its every purchaser.

It's not what we say, but what the *Oldsmobile* has done that is leading to its adoption by conservative buyers.

Until you have tested out the OLDSMOBILE, you don't know what automobile value—real $3,000.00 worth—means.

Be sure to call on one of our dealers, ride in a car, and above all, open your ears to the enthusiasm of those who now own "OLDSMOBILES."

THE OLDSMOBILE CO., OF CANADA, Limited

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager — W. L. STONEBURN, City Sales Manager

ASK FOR CATALOGUE CONTAINING 12 STYLES.

PRICES FROM $1,100.00 TO $3,200.00.

McLaughlin-Buick—Model "7." 4 cyl., 50 h.p. magneto, 36-inch wheel, $3,100.00. Top and wind shield extra.

Points to be Considered when Purchasing an Automobile

POWER—Is the car capable of meeting every test where power counts—hill-climbing, muddy roads, snow, and lastly, avoiding the "other man's" dust?
The many wonderful records made by the McLAUGHLIN Cars prove their power worth.

COMFORT—Is it roomy, well upholstered, fitted with the latest improvements, etc.?
The McLAUGHLIN COMPANY'S success for years with carriage building gives them competency along this line.

ELEGANCE—Are the lines upon which the car is built graceful, the finish classy, and its whole appearance one of beauty?
One glance and McLAUGHLIN-BUICK will answer this question in the affirmative.

DURABILITY—Is the strength, the stability, there? Can the car "stand up" under all sorts of punishment bound to be given it by either the professional or amateur driver?
The speed and endurance tests recorded by the McLAUGHLIN "stock" cars answer this question.

RELIABILITY—Can you take the word of the salesman that the goods are what is claimed? Our users are our best salesmen.
The reputation of the McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE COMPANY, of Oshawa, Ontario, is back of this car. Do you need any further answer to the last question?

We want you to visit our show rooms and demand that you be given a chance to "size up" a McLAUGHLIN Automobile as to whether or not it can "make good" regarding the above mentioned points.

The McLaughlin Carriage Co'y

Head Office: Oshawa, Ont.
Branch Offices: St. John, N.B.; Montreal, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Calgary.
Toronto Office: 111 King St. East. After April 1st, cor. Richmond and Church Sts.

When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand you get the best coffee that can be produced.

And it is the same to-day, to-morrow and next year. It never varies.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO, starring last week in "Polly of the Circus" at the Princess Theatre, writes in praising terms of "IDEAL" ORCHID PERFUME.

Feb. 25th. 1909.

Sovereign Perfumes, Ltd.

Dear Sirs:-

I have bought one of your large bottles of Ideal Orchids Perfume, and must say that I find it a delightful and refreshing odor, and prefer it very much to the French Perfumes I have been using.

The members of my company also like it well.

Wishing you the success with your Perfume you so well deserve. I am,

Yours faithfully,

Mabel Taliaferro.

"IDEAL" ORCHIDS is a refined, dainty perfume, made from the rarest of flowers.

For fragrance and lasting qualities it has no equal.

Sold by leading druggists.

ALEXANDRA WARE

Designed to supply the demand for high-class, artistic bath room fixtures.

Easy to install and moderate in cost.

"ALEXANDRA" WARE

is a big step in advance of the so-called *"SOLID PORCELAIN WARE."*

The latter is a clay product liable to crack, and on account of its thickness requiring time and quantities of hot water to heat. "ALEXANDRA WARE" is of very different construction. Made of cast iron, covered both inside and out with heavy porcelain enamel, it is the ideal ware for the Bath Room.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Head Office and Factories Port Hope, Canada

THE INDICATOR FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE POINTS SOUTH.

While the climate and scenery of Ontario appeals to lovers of nature in the summer months, there is no denying the fact that a great many people find the changeable spring months hard to bear and they long to visit the milder climate of the Sunny South, California, Mexico, Florida, etc. The excellent service of the Grand Trunk Railway System and connecting lines makes these tourist resorts easily accessible; moreover, the rates are very reasonable, placing a trip within reach of not only the rich, but also those in moderate circumstances.

Full information regarding rates, etc., may be obtained from C. E. Horning, C.P. & T.A., northwest corner King and Yonge Streets, phone Main 4209.

Lady Gay's Column

WHAT is one to do with bad money, or rather, money which one person refuses and another takes without hesitation? It often comes my way, in the shape of "change for a dollar," on the street cars, and I am almost driven to the determination to expend the paper currency in car tickets, which can neither be plugged, defaced or made of lead. But the possession of a sheet of yellow tickets has the same effect upon my prudence as "three sheets in the wind" is reported to have upon the same quality in a *bon viveur*, so that I begin to pay other people's fares with reckless generosity, or, as in the last plethora of means of transport, lose purse and all, within an hour. All the same, one never quite enjoys having some man or woman behind the counter squint knowingly at the coin one proffers, ring it on the counter and then swiftly pass it over with resentfully supercilious glances, and the cut remark. "Bad money." It is at such a moment one realizes what made the psalmist say that the root of all evil had close connection with the national currency. He'd been trying to pass a lead quarter.

Granted that one passes it into some cheerful hand, which closes over it in confidence, while its owner says gaily, "Oh, I'll pass it all right," is one free from blame and wrong-doing or does the punishment follow the crime in a way one doesn't relish? What can one do to get even with the fellow who passed bad money to oneself? Passing it on someone else isn't going to punish him, and one would never succeed in passing it back to the first offender. Putting it in the poor-box is silly and annoying to the guardians of the charities. Giving it to a beggar may start it on a long tour of deceit and imposture. The only thing when one gets bad quarters is to dig a deep hole, drop them in, and tell no one anything about the matter. This is obviously impossible at this season, and so one goes abroad in terror while possessing and concealing the bad money, for fear some Sherlock Holmes may read one's guilt in one's eyes, and searching one on suspicion, land one finally, desperate and discredited, in prison cells, until some shop girl or man with a memory for faces identifies one as having tried to palm off those wretched quarters on him or her. Let us draw a veil over the sequel. People have been hanged for murder on just such a class of evidence.

A correspondent writes asking when is the best time to work, when one is evolving original matter? In these days of telephones and other aids to lunacy, one cannot be sure of any hour before midnight wherein to unfold ones thoughts to an entranced public. Seriously, though, I cannot help thinking that the morning hours must give brightest and best thoughts if one can be sure of peace and secure from interruption. Do you ever remark how we frazzle out our strength and tone, hour after hour by a succession of demoralizing little acts, a gossip over the phone, a bolting of indigestible horrors from the newspapers, sundry small cares of personal or household work, a business call, a visit from an idler full of gossip and calling into active service one's rear-guard of caution, one's skirmishing force of diplomacy? All these and many other seemingly inevitable drains come in those bright morning hours and leave us at noontide only fit for further distractions, complete rest, or anything else but good writing. The evening lacks the fresh inspiration of those first hours after sleep and work is work, not pleasure, after sundown, when it concerns the ordinary output of the newspaper writer.

"Don't you think you're burning the candle at both ends?" asks the Mentor of the Prince, in The Merry Widow. And the Prince with a stagger and a lurch replies, "Well, what matter, if the game is worth the candle?" a sentiment which has found approval in many wiser and soberer minds ever since man was created. Better one day of this than a cycle of that has appealed to most of us who have tasted the wine of life. The trouble as I see it of burning the candle at both ends is the horrid mess it makes, and one learns to set up one's little rush-light to burn circumspectly from one end, after a very short spell of cleaning up.

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

ONE of the chief events of the winter in Ottawa is the annual winter night *fete* at Government House, and it is conceded to be one of the most picturesque and characteristic functions peculiar to a Canadian winter. At the invitation of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey on Tuesday night, hundreds of guests took part in one of these large gatherings on the grounds of Rideau Hall, where monster roaring bonfires, myriads of Chinese lanterns, and the almost continuous exhibition of fireworks from points of vantage combined to produce one of the most brilliant spectacles imaginable. Her Excellency, gowned in black velvet with ermine furs and toque to match, stood at the entrance to the rink-house and shook hands with each of the long line of guests as they entered and passed on, a large number to enjoy skating on the open rink, where multi-colored Chinese lanterns swung overhead almost forming a canopy, some of the younger folk to take part in the exhilarating sport of tobogganning down the steep slide, and others to wander about viewing the various beauties of the panoramic scene from different points. The Grand March, which always opens the evening's proceedings on the rink, was led by His Excellency with Miss Mary Scott, followed by Lady Sybil Grey in a smart black velvet costume with Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Lady Evelyn Grey in a becoming rose-colored skating suit with Captain Newton, A.D.C., and a long line of graceful skaters, each carrying a gaily colored Chinese lantern mounted on a willow which, waving to and fro, produced a most dazzling sight.

The members of the Minto Club gave some very pretty exhibitions of skating during the evening, and from the borders of the rink a continuous shower of rockets added to the general brilliance of the picture. Unfortunately, toward the end of the evening rain came on, causing a general rush for shelter to the rink-house, but shortly after this came the announcement of supper, which was arranged in the curling-rink at a long buffet decorated with a gorgeous display of red flowers and red-shaded candelabra. At 11.30 p.m. everyone left with a sense of thorough satisfaction at the excellence of the evening's arrangements. Among the members of Government House party present were: Lord and Lady Herbert, of London, England, who left for the South on Monday, March 1; Lady Elcho, also of London, England; Hon. Cynthia Charteris, and Mr. Charteris, brother of the latter.

Lady Cartwright's tea on Friday afternoon was one of the big events of the week. It was a married ladies' tea, and included a number of sessional visitors as well as all our principal hostesses. Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara and Mrs. A. D. Cartwright did duty at the tea-table in the dining-room, where golden daffodils made a bright decoration, harmonizing excellently with the dark oak panelling and furnishings of the handsome room. The Misses Fielding saw that everybody was provided with ices, and the assistants were Mrs. Arthur Matheson, Mrs. Charles Bate, Miss Stephens, Miss Winifred Young and Miss Louie Douglas. Lady Cartwright looked most picturesque in a gown of soft grey satin trimmed with Oriental embroidery and lace; Miss Cartwright was in pale blue, and Miss Fanny Cartwright wore cream silk voile.

Mrs. J. S. Ewart's bridge party at the Golf Club on Wednesday was very much enjoyed by eight tables of guests, the larger number of whom were married friends of the hostess. Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Miss Gladys Grant, and Mrs. Godfrey Greene carried off the prizes. Tea was partaken of later in the dining-room, where a cheery log fire crackled merrily in the large open hearth, and a wealth of daffodils and narcissi added brightness to the artistic surroundings. As with so many previous gatherings during the past few weeks, this event was in special honor of two popular visitors in Ottawa, Mrs. Aldous, of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, of Toronto.

Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth on Saturday gave another of the charmingly arranged luncheons for which she has become noted in the Capital. Covers were laid for twelve guests at one of the prettiest tables seen this season. Pink and white tulips in a large silver basket centred the table, resting on a handsome silver stand, which was reflected in a mirror.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 1, 1909.

STEINWAY

THE WORLD RENOWNED PIANO

SOLE AGENCY

NORDHEIMER'S 115 KING EAST

NORDHEIMER PIANOS

ESTABLISHED 1840

Nordheimer Pianos give perfect pleasure to the performer as well as the listener—representing the highest type of elegance and the best standards of musical excellence and durability.

15 KING EAST

Testimony From a High Authority as to the Value of Orange Meat.

IN an address to the Canadian Association of the Master Bakers at their Convention held in London, Ont., August 14th and 15th, 1906, Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, said among other things as follows: Various types of breakfast foods may be roughly divided into the following classes: 1st, The uncooked, such as granulated oats, etc., which require long cooking to make them palatable and aid digestion; 2nd, Partially cooked, such as rolled and flaked grains. In this process the cell walls are ruptured by the crushing, consequently they require less time in their preparation for the table; 3rd, Cooked foods; 4th, Foods termed pre-digested, such as Orange Meat, etc.

A large number of foods have been analyzed and some of the results are incorporated in the following table. In nearly every case the figures are the average of a number of analyses:

	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	3,965
White Bread	2,721
Entire Wheat Bread	2,486
Graham Bread	2,610

This shows the great advantage in favor of Orange Meat as a heat producer.

Lea's

"TID-BIT PICKLES"

The Piece de Resistence

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

The Lea Pickling and Preserving Co., LIMITED

SIMCOE, ONT.

THE day has passed when a man wants to spend $2,000 on a car, only to have it last him to the end of one season and then be sold at a big sacrifice. Nowadays he insists upon QUALITY. Hence the big sales of the Russell Model L.

HIGH-GRADE quality is the beginning and the end of the Russell L argument.

Is there a better argument from either your point of view or ours?

You, on one hand are investing your money. We, on the other hand, are investing our reputation.

Quality—high-grade, lasting and dependable, is the only thing that will insure both. Costly construction reduces our profit—but costly construction increases our sales. Do you want a car built on such a principle—or a car built for "all there is in it"? Know this before you buy your car—if it's a the

$2,000 Model L Russell

your car will last—of great importance if you keep it season after season—of equal importance if you sell. It has a splendid 24-horsepower 4-cylinder engine. It has features standard with the highest-priced cars.

Russell "Thirty" Model H, $2,500

A car of great luxury and magnificent appearance with larger, more powerful motor than Model L. Only imported cars selling at from $3,000 to $5,250 rank with it.

Let us demonstrate to you. Have you secured our new catalogue?

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., West Toronto

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

TORONTO BRANCH: 20-22 ADELAIDE ST. W.

Hamilton, 26 Charles St.; Ottawa, 310 Sparks St.; Montreal, 17 University St.

BY ROYAL WARRANT

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

G·H·MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite Dry Champagne imported,

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world, where men of taste gather, where the name

G·H·MUMM & CO.

is not a synonym for the best Champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by
His Majesty King Edward VII
His Majesty The German Emperor
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria
His Majesty The King of Italy
His Majesty The King of Sweden
His Majesty The King of Denmark
His Majesty The King of the Belgians
His Majesty The King of Spain.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA

ALL NEXT WEEK

Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

Sam. S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) present

THE SENSATIONAL FARCE

THE BLUE MOUSE

Adapted from the German by Clyde Fitch. Cast of 30 now running in Berlin & New York

PRICES: Evenings, 25c to $1.50 Matinees, 25c to $1.00

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily, 25 | Week of Mar. 8 | Evenings 25 and 50

The Daintiest Act in Vaudeville

JOHN HYAMS & LEILA McINTYRE
In "The Quakeress."

THE ONLAW TRIO
The Wire Artists.

MABELLE ADAMS
The Violinist.

WM. H. MURPHY & BLANCHE NICHOLS
In a School of Acting.

PAULINETTI & PIQUO
Eccentric Comedians.

THE KINETOGRAPH
All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

JOE MAXWELL & CO.
"A Night in a Police Station."

Mr. Charles Lazenby

will deliver a Course of Lectures during Lent, under the auspices of the Association of St. John, the Evangelist, on TUESDAY AFTERNOONS at 4.15 o'clock at the gallery of The Woman's Art Association, 594 Jarvis street.

March 2nd—Myths and Magic.
March 9th—Consciousness and Its Vehicles.
March 16th—The Origin of Religions.
March 23rd—The World's Great Scriptures.
March 30th—Theosophy.
April 6th—Symbolism and Evolution.

Admission to Single Lecture, 25c.

FULL COURSE $1.00.

MR. CHARLES LAZENBY

SECOND LECTURE ON

Tuesday Afternoon, Mar. 9

at 4:15 o'clock, at the Gallery of the W.A.A., 594 Jarvis St.

Consciousness and Its Vehicles

Admission to Single Lecture, 25c; Course Ticket, $1.00 On sale at Wm. Tyrell's Bookshop, King Street East.

CANADIAN ART CLUB

EXHIBITION

Now Open at 57 Adelaide St. East

Admission 25 cts.

Season Tickets $1.00

THE DRAMA

MISS FRANCES GORDON
As Plain Mary in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."

THE past week has been a rather quiet one from a dramatic point of view. There are some good shows in town, but none whose excellence is of a very overwhelming nature. "The Girls of Gottenberg" at the Princess has proved the most notable, and it really does furnish a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The book is not of the most exciting, but there is sufficient incident and novelty in it to keep the spectator interested. Some of the music, too, is very catchy. But the best part of the show is the people who played it. And of these James Blakeley occurs to one first and sticks longest in the memory. There can be no question about it he is a very funny man—funny-looking, funny acting, and with an irresistible verve in everything he says or does. He is one of these natural comedians who seem to require almost nothing from art to be amusing. His goggle-eyed, humorous face can afford to disregard make-up and all its subtleties. He is a worker, too, bubbling over with genial energy, and he makes every effort to keep the audience interested. To say that he succeeds, is rendering scant justice.

But the success of the play does not depend on Blakeley's work alone. He is the bright particular star, but there are a number of other luminaries of no mean lustre. Louise Dresser comes first of these, and her work throughout was excellent. She is a clever actress, has some voice, is more than ordinarily winsome, and can sing a topical song as few can. Aimee Angeles as Mitzi also does excellent work, both in singing and dancing. And in this respect Lionel Mackinder cannot be passed over without special notice. His clever dancing is one of the hits of the piece. The chorus, while above the average in good looks, is considerably below it in singing ability, at least so far as the female chorus is concerned. The men are a great deal better. But the chorus is well trained and dances well, and this covers a multitude of defects.

* * *

In "Brown of Harvard" Toronto theatre-goers have had an opportunity of seeing the daddy of all college plays in this country. This is a class of production which has had a great vogue in recent years, and the public has been given a surfeit of college men and women and their university adventures. As a result the fine, manly, dashing college hero is beginning to pall a little on the public taste, and there is much less interest in his doings than there used to be. This is probably one reason why "Brown of Harvard" has failed to awaken much enthusiasm here. Another reason is that it is not particularly well done. James Young is a good capable actor, but he has not surrounded himself with a galaxy of stars exactly, and some of his company give one the impression of being palpable misfits. Altogether the production is a tremendous falling off from such a performance as "Ganton & Co."

NEXT WEEK'S THEATRICAL BILL OF FARE

Princess—"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."
Royal Alexandra — "The Blue Mouse."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"The World Beaters."
Grand—Al. H. Wilson.

"FORTY-FIVE Minutes from Broadway," which was given here two years ago, will play a return engagement at the Princess next week. It will be presented under the direction of Cohan and Harris. The musical comedy, which is regarded as the most successful production of George M. Cohan, the actor-author-composer, has still the same amusing situations, snappy dialogue, and tuneful catches which made it popular. Besides, the company now presenting it is said to be an excellent one. It is headed by Scott Welsh, as "Kid Burns," the prize fighter, while Frances Gordon plays "Plain Mary."

* * *

One of the recent Broadway successes, "The Blue Mouse," will be seen at the Royal Alexandra next week. This play, which has been adapted by Clyde Fitch from the German, is having a great run at the Lyric Theatre, New York, where its success has been so great as to cause the producers to send out a second company. In Germany, where it was originally produced, the play has been a favorite for over a year. But it is only a few months ago that it was brought to this country.

The story of the play is a somewhat complicated one. In the first place "The Blue Mouse" is not a rodent but a winsome little dancer, who talks slang, wears "stunning" costumes, and gets everybody into trouble. This comes about over the fact that Augustus Rollett, secretary to the president of the Inter-State Railroad, wants to be promoted. Lewellyn, president of the line, has a fondness for innocent flirtations, for which no one blames him after they have seen his wife. Rollett persuades "The Blue Mouse" to pose as his wife, captivate the president and thereby have him promoted. The trick is done, but in the doing all sorts of complications arise. The real Mrs. Rollett is taken for "The Blue Mouse" and Lewellyn, in turn, tries to flirt with her. Then there is a father-in-law from out of town, with a long thirst and a check book, who, when his time arrives, proceeds to light up the "White Way." In the cast are Elsa Ryan, Albert Gran, Lily Hall, Robert Dempster, Sam Reed, Ralph Morgan, John E. Hynes, Guy D'Ennery, Edward Craven, Howard Morgan, Marie Gerard, Birdie Luttrell, Charles Ohle, John Jex, John S. Wick, Wm. F. Nugent, Myrtle Cosgrove and Charlie Courtland.

MISS ELSA RYAN
In "The Blue Mouse" at the Royal Alexandra next week.

* * *

John Hyams and Lolla McIntyre, presenting the "Quakeress," and William H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols in "A School for Acting," are the headliners at Shea's theatre next week. The special attraction for the week will be Joe Maxwell & Co., presenting "A Night in the Police Station." Other acts on the same bill are: The Onlaw Trio, Paulinetti & Piqui, Mabelle Adams, and the Kinetograph.

* * *

"The World Beaters" Extravaganza Company will play at the Gayety next week. The production has been entirely changed since last season. A long list of specialties is included in the bill. The cast is large and the chorus is said to be well trained and to sing acceptably.

* * *

Augustus Thomas's latest play, "The Witching Hour," will be the offering at the Princess during the week beginning March 15. The theme of the play is an unusual one, and it is said to contain some very striking situations. First-Nighter.

TRADE MARK

A half century of earnest study has produced in the

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd.)

an instrument that in completeness of mechanism, tonal effect, and artistic qualities of exterior, has no equal.

"To think that I have travelled the world over and used the finest of pianos, then to reach Canada and discover the Heintzman & Co. Piano, a veritable prince among pianos, compared with any I have ever used."—DE PACHMANN.

Piano Salon: 115-117 King Street W., Toronto, Canada

MR. LAZENBY made it very clear in his initial lecture on Tuesday afternoon that there is no justification for spiritualism in occult teaching. Spiritualism is a modern phase of black magic, as is also hypnotism and clairvoyance, and the lecturer warned his hearers of the dangers of such investigations. The practice of white magic is an entirely different matter, but those powers cannot be obtained until the will of the investigator is entirely under control and the character and desires purified by love.

Myths were given a significance that was new to most of the audience. Mr. Lazenby maintained that such stories have a spiritual meaning and that myths were given to the race to teach great truths and were carried down in history as symbols of soul dramas.

"Consciousness and its Vehicles" is the subject for next Tuesday.

ONE of the leading comedians of the Frangfurt theatre in Germany recently went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn and the director said, "No."

"Very good," said the actor; "then I shall refuse to go on to-night."

The director saw that it was dangerously near curtain time and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Rememeber, sir, this is nothing short of extortion, and a cowardly one at that."

"Not at all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket, "my name is not on the bill for to-night, anyway."

A PRESTIDIGITATOR, in the course of an exhibition recently, had one of the audience select one card from a pack and then he handed a sheet of paper to another spectator, a timid-looking blonde man. The professor, who did not see the card, announced that after it had been returned to the pack the description of it would be found written on the paper. The card was the eight of hearts. It was taken out by the professor.

"Is that it—the eight of hearts?" asked the professor.

"That's all right," answered the timid-looking man.

But he was a very conscientious man, and later he insisted on telling the audience that the professor had written on the paper:

"Please say 'That's all right.'"

LITTLE Bobby had been scraping the snow from the sidewalk for two hours. The minister, passing down the street, found him weeping as though his heart would break.

"What's the trouble, my little man?" asked the minister in consoling tones.

"Boohoo!" sobbed Bobby, as he mopped his eyes with his sleeve. "Bad tramp came along and stole the snow shovel from the little boy next door."

"Well, my lad, it is nice to be sympathetic, but you must not worry too much over other people's affairs."

"Oh, it isn't that, sir: I'm cryin' 'cause he didn't steal my shovel, too."

A CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED specialist was called upon a week or two ago by a well-known government official for treatment for a nervous ailment.

"The first thing you must do," said the physician, after an examination, "is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Whereupon the eminent official became quite peevish. "Look here, doctor," he burst out, "now you're talking just like my wife!"

WHAT'S THE USE

Spending money for stylish clothes and spoiling the effect by wearing glossy Shirts and Collars? Pure white domestic linen is certainly more refined and

YOUR GOODS WEAR LONGER

WE KNOW HOW

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY, LIMITED
187-189 Parliament St. - Phone Main 7486-7487-7488

THE LOUVRE Late of 109 King street west, wish to inform their patrons that they have removed to

758 Yonge Street
(Just south of Bloor.)

where they will open on TUESDAY, MARCH 9TH, with an exhibition of very chic Parisian Models of both dress and tailored Hats. Lingerie Gowns, Blouses and Neckwear will also be shown.

E. STONE & CO.

PHONE NORTH 1752 758 YONGE STREET

BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP

To be beautiful you must keep a soft, smooth, clear skin, and to have such a skin is to be beautiful. The ideal complexion preparation is

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It has been used by beautiful women for 25 years. It cures chapped hands, sore lips and facial blemishes, and cures the roughness of the skin caused by cold and wind.

Campana's Italian Balm should be every woman's inseparable toilet companion.

25 Cents. Sold by all druggists.

E. G. WEST & CO., - - - Canadian Agents
176 King St. East, Toronto.

Kennedy Portrait Photographer

STUDIO: 107 West King Street

GAYETY DAILY MATS. LADIES 10¢

BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE

"WORLD BEATERS" The Biggest of Reviews

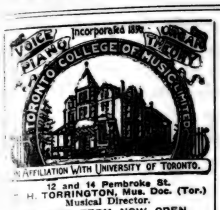
EVERY FRIDAY AMATEUR NIGHT Phone M 6605

PRINCESS BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH 8th MATINEES WED. and SAT.

COHAN-HARRIS PRESENT
GEO. M. COHAN'S
GREATEST MUSICAL SUCCESS

45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY

WITH SCOTT WELSH AS "KID BURNS."



12 and 14 Pembroke St.
H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.
SPRING TERM NOW OPEN
Pupils may enter at any time.
Calendar and full information sent upon request.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher, St. Margaret's College, Moulton College, Toronto.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—23 "La Plaza," Charles Street.

CARL H. HUNTER
Tenor
Pupils prepared for Concert and Opera.
Studio: Room 53, Nordheimer Bldg.

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Limited
193 Beverley Street
Full information on application
SPRING TERM
January 29 to April 8, inclusive.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist.
Studios for teaching—
Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—1726 Queen Street West.
Voices tested free.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS BROWN
Instructor in Wycliffe College and Toronto Normal School.
Training of the Speaking Voice, Reading, Recitation, Oratory.
232 Bloor Street West.

DAVID ROSS
Solo Baritone
Studio for Lessons. Guild Hall, McGill Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone, M. 2097.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For teachers and Children
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipsic. 750 Bathurst St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music. Phone, College 3791.

MRS. JESSIE ALEXANDER ROBERTS
Instruction in the Art of Expression as applied to Public Speaking, Recitation and the Drama.
108 Admiral Rd. - - Dupont Cars.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
prepares his pupils for Church, Oratorio, Opera, Concert or Recital.
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Studio: 2 Carlton Street.

ADA J. F. TWOHY
Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty, Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
of Toronto
A. S. VOGT, Conductor
For all information regarding concerts, membership in chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 319 Markham Street, Toronto.

A. EASTER SMITH
Fellow of College of Violinists, London, Eng. Solo Violin and Viola.
Studio at Toronto College of Music.

MARLEY R. SHERRIS
Concert Baritone
Soloist, First Church of Christ, Scientist.
Studio: The Bell Piano Co., Yonge St.
Residence—222 Cottingham Street.

MISS JOSEPHINE P. SCRUBY
(Pupil of F. King Clark, Paris.)
Voice Production and Singing.
Studio Havergal, Ladies' College, 354 Jarvis Street.

FRANCIS COOMBS
Teacher of Singing.
Studio—Nordheimer's. Address 23 Radford Ave.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For piano instruction and Concerts.
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter, Studio, 24 King St. West.

RUSSELL G. McLEAN
Baritone.
Studio for Instruction, Room No. 12, 269 College St., cor. Spadina.

DR. ALBERT HAM
Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 541 Jarvis Street.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action
Insist on
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action.

MUSIC

It is lamentable that when an artist has reached a high place he realizes that a considerable portion of those who go to hear him do so in the same mood that others go to see the "thrillers" at circuses—in the hope of seeing something fall. Not that they wish the unfortunate any ill-luck but there is a strong strain of morbid curiosity in all of us, and when an artist has given us all the normal sensations he can we begin to look for the abnormal. This has driven many an artist from the stage long before his powers had begun to fail, and it is beginning to affect the playing of Paderewski. Not that he has lost an atom of the superb technique that placed him in the forefront of contemporaneous pianists, but too often the listener feels that the artist's attitude is defiant rather than confident, and this affects the quality of the tone more than declining powers.

I never cared for Paderewski's playing of Beethoven. There is a rugged strength in Beethoven that must dominate the interpretation, and defies *finesse* and *politesse*, and the artist who attempts these suffers more than the composer. One was astounded by the wonderful playing of the three trills in No. 111, but the Titan of music was not there. The "Etudes Symphoniques" were more in the old form that is the true Paderewski, and so was the Chopin group, except in some places, in the A flat "Polonaise" for instance, where he used the pedal in building his climaxes, something that he used not to do.

The absence of the Paderewski tone was most noticeable in the equarelle of Debussy, "Refets dans l'Eau," which at times was nothing but notes. If Paderewski cannot play it no one can, but he missed it on Thursday night. The Liszt "Rhapsodie" showed that the king still lives, and that we were unfortunate inasmuch as we got an off night.

Massey Hall held the largest audience, with the exception of the Mendelssohn crowds, that it has had this season, and this despite advance in prices. No one but Paderewski can do this, and let us hope that when he comes again he will be in the same form he was in Hamilton the night before we heard him here.

* * *

On February 26 the Toronto Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in the Grand Opera House, Peterboro, which was not only a revelation to the music lovers of that city but a surprise to the Toronto contingent that heard it. Mr. Welsman, through the whole-souled support and assistance of Mr. H. C. Cox, has been able to strengthen some of the weak places and supply deficiences, and in consequence he has a band that is a credit to the city, and worthy of the same support that the Mendelssohn Choir receives. Most of the numbers on the programme were played at this season's opening concert, consequently we had an opportunity to gauge the improvement accurately—and in no wise was it more apparent than in the conductor. His beat has gained in authority, he has established an *entente* with his players that has strengthened the ensemble amazingly.

Both of the soloists were worthy of the honor of appearing with orchestra. Miss Bertha May Crawford sang with delightful abandon and certainty, her high notes being especially well taken. Miss Lina Drechsler-Adamson excelled any playing I have ever heard her do. In the slow movement of the Mendelssohn "Concerto" her tone was warm and full, and in the last movement her technic brilliant.

So carefully had Mr. Cox and Mr. Stanford arranged the details of the trip that not the slightest mishap marred its pleasure. Nothing is being left undone by these gentlemen to make the next concert in Massey Hall even a greater success than the first was. Encouraged by the enthusiasm that greeted Gadski, Mr. Cox engaged Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, who has been one of the sensations of the present season. Mr. Elman will play the Tschaikowsky "Concerto" for his principal number.

* * *

It is a great pleasure to call attention to the recital that Miss Norah Hayes will give in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday night, the 8th. This young violiniste has rapidly come to the front and is now a valued and valuable member of the first violin section of the Symphony Orchestra. She has chosen a fine programme, every number being quite within her grasp, for while she has avoided the usual things popular at such affairs she has not erred on the other side by attempting works that would tax well-seasoned players. The "D minor Concerto" of Wieniawski's will give her ample scope to display both her virtuosity and musicianship, and the other numbers such as the d'Ambrosio "Romance," Dedla's "Serenade," Bohm's "Legende," Paganini's "Saltarelle" and the "Russian Airs" by Wieniawski will test her style and powers of interpretation. Mr. George Dixon, tenor, and Mrs. Barton, pianiste, will assist.

The following night the Toronto String Quartette gives its third concert of the season. Mr. Welsman is to play the piano part in the "Dvorak Quintette," which he played with the Kneisels a few seasons ago. Since he has become engrossed in the orchestra he has not been heard as a pianist, and the announcement of this re-appearance has given an added interest to this concert. Mr. Frank Smith is to play a group of viola solos, which may be looked forward to with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. Why this member of the string family should be so neglected as a solo instrument I cannot understand. At one time the viola in various forms was the favorite of all fiddles. Other numbers on the programme are the Schumann "Quartette in F," and Borodine's "Nocturne."

* * *

On the 11th in the same Hall, Mr. Russell G. McLean will give his first song recital assisted by Miss Gertrude Huntley, the young pianiste who made such a favorable impression when she appeared in Massey Hall with Mme. Blanche Marchesi. Both of these artists have elected to return to their native land despite flattering offers to go elsewhere. Mr. McLean has been very well received whenever he has sung since his return, and he and Miss Huntley have arranged an attractive programme. A most enjoyable evening may be expected.

* * *

Owing to an accident to my "copy" for last week, several items were omitted when it was re-written, among them being the success of Mr. Eduard Tak, concert master of the Pittsburg Orchestra, whose playing at the second concert of the Schubert Choir created a furore; and the musicianly work of Mrs. Parker, who at short notice took the solos at the same concert. No violinist that has appeared here this season has received the ovation that followed Mr. Tak's playing of the "Rondo Capricioso" by Saint Saens. He bowed his acknowledgement several times and then played a "Serenata" by Auer which called forth another storm of applause, which was not quieted until he again responded. Mr. Tak's playing is conspicuous for the purity of his tone and the breadth of his bowing. He also has a wealth of temperament held in reserve by excellent taste. Mr. Carl Bermthaler provided sympathetic accompaniments both with the orchestra and the piano.

Mrs. Parker unfortunately was suffering from a severe cold which prevented her from doing herself justice, but she made a fine impression nevertheless. She is so thorough a musician that all she does has that mark of distinction.

* * *

There was also omitted a notice of the concert of the Elgar Choir, which attracted a number of Torontonians to Hamilton. Mr. Bruce Carey is developing a fine chorus, one which is not only a credit to Hamilton but to the Dominion. He has done wonders in the short time he has had the Choir organized, but he has still much to do before he realizes even an approximate ideal. It takes time and plenty of it to blend individuals into subordinate parts of an ideal unit, and at present there are too many egos in the choric cosmos. But he has enthusiasm and purpose, and eventually he will evolve a more artistic unanimity. Some of the things were very well done, particularly the excerpts from Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem." He has a tendency to make effects for their own sake which is dangerous unless held in check. This has been the undoing of many choral conductors, because those who praise it at first soon tire and then they are as unreasonable in their condemnation as they were in their praise. I hope that Hamilton will give Mr. Carey and the Elgar Choir the same sort of support that Toronto has given Dr. Vogt and the Mendelssohn.

* * *

The coming of Mme. Jeanne Jonelli for the People's Choral Union concert in Massey Hall, March 23, will introduce a singer who has made a fine impression wherever she has been heard, not because of the charm of her voice but through the intensity of her interpretations. She was acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman at the Metropolitan Opera House, and a dramatic singer of the first rank. Mr. Fletcher has the largest and best chorus he has ever drilled, and he has carefully selected his programme. It is from this chorus that the Schubert Choir is recruited, which this year showed tremendous advance over its previous seasons' work. Next to the Mendelssohn I consider the People's Choral Union and the Schubert Choir the most important factors in the growth of musical taste in Toronto.

* * *

When I heard Mr. Frank Croxton at Chautauqua summer before last I liked his voice better than any basso cantante I knew. I have wanted to have him come to Toronto ever since but the suitable opportunity did not materialize until Mr. Sherlock engaged him for the Toronto Oratorio Society's performance of "The Creation," which should introduce Mr. Croxton under the most favorable auspices. The concert will be given in Massey Hall, on the 11th inst.

* * *

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has been receiving the approbation of some of the most renowned pianists for his teaching edition of such works as Liszt's "No. 3 Liebestraum," Henselt's "Si Oiseau j'etais," Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," the Rubinstein "Melodie in F," and Schumann's "Nachstuck." Paderewski highly commended what had already been done and advised Mr. Tripp to specialize in Schumann, whom Paderewski thinks is not taught nor played enough. Sauer also is enthusiastic over the work. A word must be said for the artistic way that Whaley, Royce and Co. have brought out this edition. The title pages are beautiful and the plates equal to the best foreign editions.

* * *

At an organ recital recently given by Mr. George Ziegler, a pupil of Dr. Vogt and Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Oscar Ziegler, violinist, pupil of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson scored a great success, particularly in the Bruch "Concerto" which he played remarkably well. Another pupil of Dr. Vogt, Miss Twohey, formerly of Hamilton, was also very well received. The recital was held in St. Peter's Church, Berlin, where Mr. George Ziegler recently became organist and choirmaster.

* * *

The wonderful tone that petite Marie Hall draws from her violin often distracts her audience from fully appreciating the other good qualities of her playing, that is if one judges from the comments during and after a recital, but the other qualities are quite as remarkable as her tone. The first time I heard her I thought of some elf-child playing away for its own amusement, quite oblivious of the big hall and the people. She seemed so free and enraptured that I held my breath lest I should disturb her. I heard again and was delighted to find that success had not made her self-conscious. She was still the elf-child, a sort of Peter Pan who won't grow up, and for that I am very grateful. She may do more astounding things than the Scandinavian "Cradle Song," but she has never done anything that gave her listeners greater pleasure. I like her best in just that sort of thing although she gave a good performance of the Bruch "G Minor Concerto," the Wieniawski "Souvenir de Moscow."

MME. EMMA EAMES,
Who is bidding farewell to the operatic stage, after twenty years of success.

Miss Basche is an excellent foil for Miss Hall, and at the same time a sympathetic accompaniste. It is wonderful the way she subordinates her own personality when playing the accompaniments and then comes into her own when playing solos. She played the "12th Rhapsody" of Liszt with great power and dash, and the Mendelssohn group with the necessary poetry. She and Miss Hall are quite sufficient for an entire evening.

* * *

The Brantford Daily Expositor of Feb. 19, had the following to say of Mr. Goldsborough's playing at the Schubert Choir concert: "In his selections with encores, Mr. Goldsborough proved himself a master of the violin, displaying a splendid musical conception, which combined with faultless execution produced the rich tone which only the virtuosos are able to bring forth. The Legende of Bohm aroused genuine enthusiasm on the part of the audience, so delightful was the ease and masterly the manner of the artist, as he drew from the instrument a true and pure note."

* * *

A writer on the Montreal Herald, whose articles are signed Pan, is disturbed because we thought the performance of "Caractacus" by the Mendelssohn Choir something to be proud of. If the home estimate of our superb chorus had not been exceeded by the critics of Buffalo and New York City we might feel like apologizing for our exuberance. I firmly believe that before another week has passed we will have more plumes to wave as a result of the Chicago concerts, and it will give me pleasure to send Pan a complete set of the Chicago papers and let him read for himself that our enthusiasm is warranted. Fortunately one chorus from Caractacus will be sung there and as Chicago has already had an opportunity to hear the work, which had its first American performance at Evanston, a nearby educational suburb, the critics will have some basis for comparison.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon's regular weekly Twilight Recital in the Metropolitan Church will be given this afternoon at four. Last Saturday's programme was charming, and Mr. Wheeldon has never played better, being particularly happy in his interpretation of the Guilmant "Sonata in C Minor." Bazille's "In the Cloisters" introduced the chimes very effectively.

* * *

The following is the programme given at the pupils' weekly recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, Saturday, Feb. 27: Raff, "Polka de la Reine," Miss Margaret Sproul; "De Beriot Andante from 7th Concerto," Miss Flossie Mulloy; Elgar, "The Pipes of Pan," Mr. F. C. E. Burnett; "Widor (duo) Serenade," Miss Dorothy Bonnard, Mr. Ernest D. Gray; Gottschalk, "Tremolo Etude," Miss Theresa Murray; (a) "Oley Speaks, Life," (b) Hawley, "In the Garden," Mr. Searle Gray; Chaminade, "Les Sylvains," Miss Myrtle Burgess; Hollins, "Concert Overture," Miss Helen Wilson; Fischer, "She Wears a Rose in Her Hair," Miss Lillian Moodie; d'Hardelot, "Without Thee," Miss Margaret Alexander; MacDowell, "Witches' Dance," Miss Margaret Macdonnell; Svensden, "Romance," Mr. Broades Farmer; Dvorak, "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Miss Murray Borthwick.

The following teachers were represented: Mr. Edmund Hardy, Miss Lena M. Hayes, Miss Annie Hallworth, Mr. G. D. Atkinson, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Mr. W. J. McNally, Miss Jessie C. Perry, Mr. H. M. Frederick, Miss M. H. Smart, Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.

* * *

At a recital given on Saturday afternoon, at The Toronto College of Music, by pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington, the following programme was rendered: Moszkowski, "Jongleurin;" Mendelssohn, "Spring Song," Ethel Freeland; Chopin, "Etude C Sharp Minor," "Valse op. 70 No. 3," Gertrude Anderson; Vogrich, "Staccato Caprice;" Liszt, "Rigoletto," Marian Porter; Chopin, "Nocturne in E Flat," "Valse op. 64 No. 2," Hazel Hicks; Weber, "Rondo in E Flat; Mendelssohn, "Spinning Song;" Chopin, "Impromptu in A Flat," Olive Blain; Hardelet, "Visions," Isobel S. Woods; Bartlett, "The Day is Ended," Eveline Hall; Hardelet, "Visions;" Trotere, "A Rose in Heaven," Winnie Halladay; Dohler, "Study," Isabel Wingate. MELOS.

A bushel of red wheat from Southern Alberta, weighing sixty-seven pounds and three-quarters, is on exhibition at Calgary as a world's record.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
College Street and University Avenue.
Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director.
ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT BY THE BEST OF SPECIALISTS.
Send for 160 Page Calendar.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.D., Principal.
SPECIAL CALENDAR.
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone.
Teacher of Singing. Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College. Studio—Nordheimer's 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4669.

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL of Literature and Expression
North St., TORONTO
MRS. COTTRAFF, - Principal
Students may register at any time for class work or personal instruction in English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation and Dramatic Art.
LECTURE RECITAL COURSE
March 11th Musicale
Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
Mar. 25th Irish Drama
Mrs. Scott Raff.
Thursday evenings at 8.15.
Admission 50c. and 25c. North 4544

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
Choirmaster Church of St. Thomas, Huron St.
Vocal Culture. Studios: Parish House and 97 Yonge St. Residence; St. George Mansions.

New Vocal Studio
MISS MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.

THE MISSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture and Fencing. Simpson Hall, 724 Yonge St. Office hours, 3-6 p.m., excepting Thursdays and Saturdays.
Prospectus on application.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studies at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence—48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone, North 3857.

MRS. ALFRED JURY
of Buffalo
Scientific Vocal Instruction.
Studio, Bell Piano Warerooms, 146 Yonge St., Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

MISS EDITH DICKSON, F.T.C.M
Pianist and Accompanist.
Pupil of Dr. A. S. Vogt. A limited number of pupils in theory and piano playing accepted. Address, 436 Church Street.

AN. REW ROSS LOVE
Voice Production and Singing
Studio, Gerhard Heintzman, 97 Yonge Street. Phone 1463.

FRANK C. SMITH
Violinist
Pupils. Concert Engagements
Studio—R. S. Williams, 149 Yonge Street.

ARTHUR E. SEMPHE
Flautist
Toronto Symphony Orchestra.
Toronto Festival Orchestra
Concert Engagements
Studio, 164 Grace St. Phone Coll. 4686.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist
Studio for lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—30 Wilcox Street.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE
Baritone
Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church.
JESSIE DUCKER-GILLESPIE
Violin and Piano.
Studio—155 King Street East, Standard Bank Chambers.
Residence—10 Beaconsfield Ave.
Phones—Main 2309, Park 1563.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano, Concert and Oratorio. Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank Sing Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice Instruction. Studio Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. A. SHERWOOD
Portrait Painter, 2 1-2 Queen St. E. Over Bank of Montreal.

Bilton Bros
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Our New Importations of Woolens are now Ready for Your Inspection. : :

These goods comprise the latest patterns and weaves from the leading British manufacturers. In their selection we have displayed that care which makes for quality, good style and exclusiveness.

In our fancy Suitings, Trouserings and Vestings we have combined variety with exclusiveness by importing individual lengths, which are confined to us alone.

Ask to see our new Shirtings. An extensive range of unique designs and splendid color effects.

Bilton Bros
TORONTO and WINNIPEG

¶ The wide variety of beautiful designs. The exquisite finish and wonderful durability of the "Blachford" Shoes appeal to women wanting something exclusive in footwear.

¶ It would please us to show you the new spring shoes.

H. & C. Blachford
114 YONGE STREET

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
HANSON'S DRUG STORE
44 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
Star Brand BACON
is the Best Bacon

Specialties for Outdoor Sports
Another shipment of our special
SWEATER COATS
All sizes, 24 to 46; all shades and combinations. $2.00 to $7.00 each.
"JAEGER" CAPS, MITTS, etc., for Snowshoeing, etc.
WREYFORD & CO.
53 KING ST. WEST

JAS. J. O'HEARN & SON
DECORATORS
249 Queen Street West
Let us give you an estimate on redecorating your home. This is our specialty.
Office Phone Main 3677
Residence Phone College 455, 3 D'Arcy St.

ANECDOTAL

WHILE in the West not long ago, an eastern newspaper man chanced to come upon a funny exchange of personalities in the columns of a paper published in a fair-sized town.

The first of these, both of which were ads. in the "Personal Column," ran as follows:

"By reason of many annoying mistakes, I, William Wilkins, the barber, beg to announce to all concerned that I am not the same person as William Wilkins, the grocer; and, furthermore, that I am in no way related to the said Wilkins, grocer."

The reply came along the next day in the same column, and the other Wilkins retaliated in this wise:

"William Wilkins, the grocer, who was stated yesterday to be a different person from, and to be in no way related to, one William Wilkins, the barber, begs to announce to all concerned that it is his desire for the future to be known as Lucky William Wilkins."

* * *

IT was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells.

"What in the world is that?—a murder going on up-stairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the books and lounged towards the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one 'o the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything I can do for you for a few minutes."

* * *

ARCHBISHOP Magee was once present at a full-dress debate on the eastward position, when doubts were expressed as to the exact meaning of the words "before the table." After a speech or two, Dr. Magee seized a piece of paper and wrote:

"As to the phrase, 'The piper that played before Moses,' doubts have arisen. Some believe its meaning to be that the piper played *before* Moses—that is, at a period anterior to his birth. Others hold that the piper played before Moses in the sense of preceding the great law-giver when he danced; while others teach that the piper played (*coram Mose*) before, or in the presence of Moses, when the son of Amran dined. All these are wrong. The phrase is to be understood as implying that the piper played *at the north end of Moses, looking south.*"

The document was handed up to Archbishop Tait, who looked grave.

* * *

IN the Exeter days of Dr. Temple, when he was suspected of heterodoxy, a young curate came to him one day, and said:

"My Lord, it is rumored that you are not able to believe in special interposition of Providence on behalf of certain persons."

"Well?" grunted the bishop. "Well, my lord, here is the case of my aunt. My aunt journeys to Exeter every Wednesday by the same train and in the same compartment of the same carriage invariably. Last Wednesday she felt a disinclination to go, and that very day an accident occurred by which the carriage of the train was smashed to pieces. Now, was not that a direct interposition of Providence on behalf of my aunt?"

"Can't say," growled the bishop; "don't know your aunt."

* * *

THE manager of the subscription-book department was telling of some of his experiences. "The funniest case I remember," he said, "was that of an applicant for a job at book canvassing from whom I expected great things. He made a careful study of the literature we supplied him with and was very enthusiastic. Judge of my surprise when the first morning he went out, back he came and handed in his resignation.

"'But you should not be so easily discouraged,' I told him. 'Few make a success at the start, and you acknowledge that you went into only two places.'

"'Only two,' he said lugubriously. 'One was a real estate agent, who persuaded me to sign a contract for two lots in Fizzlehurst, and the other was a tailor, who sold me a suit of clothes I didn't want;' and, shaking his head mournfully, he mumbled 'Good-day,' and went out."

AN amusing incident once happened to Lord Guthrie while travelling on one of the Scottish railways. His fellow traveller, immediately the train had moved out of the station, proceeded to light a cigar.

"Excuse me," protested Lord Guthrie, "but this is not a smoking-carriage."

His companion took not the slightest notice; he continued to puff away in silence. The famous judge became indignant, and, handing the man his card, remarked that he would speak to the guard at the next station. The smoker coolly put the card in his pocket, and went on enjoying his cigar.

At the next station he alighted, and his lordship got out also. Calling the guard, he requested him to take the man's name and address. Presently that official came back.

"If I were you, sir," he remarked confidentially to Lord Guthrie, "I wouldn't press the charge. I spoke to him and he was awfully indignant. He gave me his card. Here it is, sir; you see he is the great judge, Lord Guthrie."

* * *

JAMES PAYN relates a story of Dean Burgon's indignant refusal to christen a male child "Venus." The father of the infant urged that he only wished to name it after his grandfather.

"Your grandfather!" cried the Dean, "I don't believe it. "Where is your grandfather?"

He was produced.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that any clergyman ever christened you 'Vanus' as you call it?"

"Well, no, sir; I was christened Sylvanus, but they always call me Vanus."

* * *

A MAID-SERVANT in the employ of a certain woman was left the other day in charge of the children while her mistress went for a long drive.

"Well, Mary," asked the lady, on her return, "how did the children behave during my absence? Nicely, I hope."

"Nicely, ma'am," Mary answered, "but at the end they fought terribly together."

"Fight! Mercy me! why did they fight?"

"To decide," said Mary, "which was behaving the best."

* * *

BISHOP SHUTE BARRINGTON, of Durham, was ill and Pretyman, of Lincoln, who was thought to desire that wealthy See, was diligent in his inquiries. Bishop Barrington recovered and directed his man-servant to answer on the next occasion:

"I am better, but the Bishop of Winchester has a bad cough."

* * *

"TGOIN' to have the time of me life in this house, I see that," recently confided an Irish domestic, recently imported, to a housemaid in the service of a society woman.

"What makes you think that?" was the query of the other servant.

"Well," resumed the newcomer, "she says to me this mawnin', she says: 'Clara, ye quite understand that I shall only be "at home" every Thursday from three to five.' Now, what ye think o' that? Wid the mistress only at home for two hours ivery wake, ain't I warranted in promisin' mesilf a pretty fair time?"

* * *

A CERTAIN youthful curate was taken to task by the Archbishop of Canterbury for reading the lessons of the service in an inaudible tone. Whereupon the young man replied:

"I am surprised that you should find fault with my reading, as a friend of mine in the congregation told me that I was beautifully heard."

"Did she?" snapped the bishop, and the fair young curate collapsed.

His lordship had once been a young clergyman himself, and he knew a thing or two about the "friend."

THE old watchmaker of a town in New England recently retired, and the contract for maintaining the church and town-hall clocks in order was given to his successor. Unfortunately, from the start the new man experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the town council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Why, before you took them in hand we could hardly tell that two were striking, so accurately were they adjusted. Surely you are as competent as Mr. Perkins."

"Every watchmaker has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine are not the same as Perkins'."

"I am of opinion that it would be better for the town convenience if they were," stiffly responded one of the councillors.

"Very well, sir, in the future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to Mr. Perkins last week about the trouble I was having with the clocks, and—but perhaps," he added, as he produced a letter and handed it to the council, "you'd like to see what he wrote."

"Dear Sir" (ran the letter), "About them clocks. When you get to know what a cranky bunch that old council are, you'll do the same as I did for twenty years—forget to wind up the striker of the town-hall clock. Then the old Rubes won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together."

* * *

HARKIMER JAMES, the scientist, was talking in New York about the bill of twenty-five thousand dollars that Dr. Frank Billings presented to the Marshall Field estate for seven days' treatment of the dead millionaire.

"It seems a big fee," said Professor James. "It comes to more than thirty-five hundred dollars a day, doesn't it? At that rate Dr. Billing's income would be one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year."

"Yes, it was a big fee, but whenever physicians' fees seem extortionate, I think of a certain famous eye specialist. A patient of this specialist, coming to pay his bill, growled: 'Doctor, it seems to me that five hundred dollars is a big charge for that operation of mine. It did'nt take you over half a minute.'

"'My dear sir,' the other answered, 'in learning to perform that operation in half a minute, I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours.'"

* * *

TWO actors were in conversation the other day.

"Hear about the peculiar accident that happened to Maxine Elliott's press agent, A. Toxin Worm, up at Rye the other day?" asked Actor No. 1.

"No, what was it?" demanded Actor No. 2.

"Well, you see, Mr. Worm was visiting a friend of his on a small poultry farm, and while strolling about the place he started to climb a fence, and—"

"And fell?"

"Yes; his foot slipped and he fell over with a crash into the poultry yard and—"

"Yes!" eagerly. "What then?"

"A chicken pounced on his name and swallowed it!"

* * *

A YOUNG soubrette rushed to her dentist the other day in agony. One of her wisdom teeth was ulcerated. The dentist, who, by the way, had supplied her with the most dazzling of her front teeth, told her that there was nothing for it but to pull the tooth.

"Very well, doctor," remarked the actress with a sigh, as she removed the plate; "I suppose I'd better take out my orchestra chairs so that you can get at my back rows."

* * *

DOCTOR WHIPPLE, long Bishop, of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services at an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects in the lodge.

"Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."

"Time to burn" originated with the time candle. Exact time originated with the
ELGIN WATCH
Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

The sale of DEWAR'S "Special Liqueur" increases yearly!

Old Furniture, Rare China, and Antiques in General
These are features that add to the attractiveness of the home. In purchasing such goods it is important to deal with a reputable firm. JENKINS ANTIQUES are authentic, and their intrinsic worth is apparent to the connoisseur.
B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - - Toronto

George IV of England—and many princes and society leaders since his time have worn
FOWNES GLOVES
But that is the least of the reasons why you should wear them. If you want a strong, handsome glove; well fitting and properly put together, you will appreciate the material, style and workmanship that have made "Fownes" supreme for one hundred and thirty years.
Never sold under any other name than FOWNES.

IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"
BEETHAM'S Lanolin
SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
Sole Makers M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.
It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ◆ SAVON
Unrivalled for the preservation of the Skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Chas. Potter, 85 Yonge St.
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

GUARD WELL YOUR EYES

Line upon line is necessary when consulting one's eye-sight.
Do not let trouble go unheeded.
Consult the trained optician promptly—and consult only the optician who is an expert.
This is your safety in coming here—a house whose record for reliable work is established.
—CORRECT EYE-TESTING.
—CORRECT GLASSES.

POTTER
OPTICIAN - - TORONTO

WEDDING CAKES

from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co.
Limited
447 Yonge St., Toronto

IF YOU HAVE A BAGGY CHIN

and flabby cheeks and neck, that are all out of shape, to say nothing of lines and wrinkles, you can have the contour of the former restored and the latter removed by

OUR FACE AND NECK TREATMENTS
(The kind we give)

These are superior to any obtainable elsewhere. Full particulars in our booklet, "A study of your face and figure." Mailed free on request.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, warts, etc., removed permanently by our reliable method of antiseptic Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured in all cases.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 College Street, Toronto
Tel. M. 831

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

"The quality goes in before the name goes on." Is the bread question settled in your home, and are you satisfied with the bread you eat? There isn't any doubt about the answer when Bredin's Home - made bread is used.

A delicious loaf, baked in the most modern bakery, and yet retains the real "home-made" taste. 5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761.

APARTMENT TO RENT.

$80. Housekeeping. Parlor, Dining-Room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, and maid's room with bath, on 2nd floor. South and west aspect. Apply Manager, The Alexandra, Queen's Park Avenue. Main 5727.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE first few days of Lent had not the usual gloom, for a good many teas, some fine concerts and interesting lectures and one society event quite unusual in the shape of a smart wedding, were happenings from the mournful date of *"Mercredi aux cendres"* to the time of writing a week later. To take the more important society event first: The wedding of Mr. Arthur Redpath McMurrich, youngest son of Mr. George McMurrich, and Miss Muriel Logie Smellie, elder daughter of Mr. Robert Scarth Smellie, took place on Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a small company, the invitations being limited to the large family connection on both sides and a few very intimate friends. The scene of the ceremony was that ideal church for such events, St. Andrew's, King street, and the service was performed by Rev. Thomas Eakin, assisted by Rev. Crawford Brown, pastor of St. Andrew's. The bridal music was played by the organist, Dr. Norman Anderson. Mr. Smellie brought in his daughter and gave her away, and Miss Brenda Smellie, younger sister of the bride, was her only attendant. Mr. Zeb Lash was best man, and Mr. W. S. Weatherstone and Mr. Lyall Scott (who took Mr. Rex. Smellie's place, as the latter was laid up in Montreal by an accident to his knee) were the ushers. The bride, who is a stately tall beauty, wore an Empire gown of embroidered chiffon over Liberty satin, with some handsome old lace and rich fringe, a veil of tulle and wreath of orange blossoms and white heather. Her bouquet was a shower of bride roses and lily of the valley. Miss Brenda wore pale primrose silk, and a poke bonnet to match, trimmed with white lilac and yellow roses and carried a basket of violets. While the register was being signed, she sang "Calm as the Night" very effectively. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to the family home, 34 Avenue road, where Mrs. Smellie received in a dainty gown of grey chiffon over grey satin and a black toque with ospreys, and touched with pink and carried pink sweet peas. Mrs. McMurrich, mother of the groom, was in black, relieved with white and carried lily of the valley. The very beautiful wedding gifts included a purse of gold from the groom's parents, a silver Queen Anne tea service from Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Lash, a mahogany cabinet from Mr. and Mrs. Miller Lash, a Crown Derby breakfast set from Mr. and Mrs. Temple McMurrich, a Royal Worcester dinner set from Mr. Norman McCrae, a check and some handsome mahogany from Mr. and Mrs. Lash, a cabinet of table silver from Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Macrea, a Sheffield salver from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hay, several checks from relatives in England, and a complete kitchen outfit in blue enamel from Major R. Myles. All the usual pretty and valuable things were given in crystal, china and silver, which will help to adorn the pretty home at 191 Cottingham street, where Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich will take up residence on their return from their honeymoon. They left by the afternoon train for New York, the bride travelling in an orchid tinted broadcloth suit and hat to match, with a handsome set of black furs.

Miss Marguerite Cotton, who has had so much admiration during her coming-out season, has gone to Hamilton to visit her elder sister, Mrs. Treble.

Miss Ruth Fuller has returned to New York. During her fortnight's visit in Toronto, she was the guest of Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Mrs. Henri Suydam, and was guest of honor at several pleasant functions, given by these and other friends.

Miss Chrysler has returned to Ottawa, taking her Toronto hostess, Miss Edith Cross, with her to the Capital.

At Benvenuto on last Friday afternoon some of the former pupils of Miss Williams, who will be remembered as a teacher of vocal music here to the smart set, gathered at tea time to discuss a plan whereby all their fellow students might be informed of the fact that their old teacher was living in want, in England, a fact which would appeal to the often-proved kindliness of heart of girls who have grown to be wives and mothers since their musical education was in charge of Miss Williams. The committee is trying to reach all of these ex-pupils, and will be glad if their present addresses could be sent to Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Ancroft Place, Rosedale, or Mrs. Scott Griffin at Benvenuto. They are so numerous that a trifling amount from each would place their faithful teacher above want for her lifetime, and give them the privilege of helping in such a kind act.

Mr. George Sweeny entertained at tea at his home in Spadina road, one afternoon this week, when a number of pretty women and smart men were present. The tea was arranged for the honor of some of the visitors from the other side whose attractions have brightened the last few events of the ante-Lenten season.

There was no programme at the Strollers' Saturday afternoon, but a nice little coterie was on hand for tea, and probably enjoyed the liberty to laugh and chatter which the good taste of this artistic club does not permit during the usual matinee programmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie George, who have been at the St. George since the sale of their house in Glen road, will occupy the H. S. Strathy residence in Queen's Park, while Mr. and Mrs. Strathy are abroad. Mr. George is, I hear, building in Rosedale.

Miss Marjorie McKeen, of Halifax, who spent ten days with Miss Hazel Kemp, of Castle Frank, was a busy lady during her Toronto visit, being guest of honor at a dance given by her hostess on Monday, February 22, a popular guest at the Rose ball on Shrove Tuesday, and the *raison d'etre* of a pleasant luncheon at Mrs. Angus Sinclair's home in Ancroft Place, and a charming little tea at Sylvan Tower, which Mrs. Plummer gave in her honor. Miss McKeen left last Monday for Ottawa, where her father has a house during the session.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Coates, of Ottawa, and Mr. Walter Champ, of Hamilton, will take place on April 17, a happy event of Easter week. The bride-elect is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. George Blaikie, in Elm avenue, Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gilmour are spending some weeks in Dansville.

Mrs. C. C. Dalton gave a tealet to some of her old class-mates at Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, on Monday afternoon, at which they had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Marshall, *nee* Birrell, of London, and Mrs. Matheson, *nee* Harrison, of St. Mary's, who are spending some time in Toronto. The other guests were Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth, Mrs. Salter, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Denison. Mrs. Marshall is returning to London very soon.

On Monday afternoon McConkey's was the rendezvous of two interesting Toronto organizations, the Heliconian Club having a tea on, at which Marie Hall and Miss Lonie Basche were guests of honor, and in the evening the Canadian Club having a dinner at which Mr. Casey Baldwin told them about aerial navigation as he knew it from recent flights. The tea was held in the suite of reception rooms which have welcomed so many notable gatherings of our feminine fair, from the nervous debutante to the silver-haired octogenarian, whom her pupils delighted to honor. On Monday, Miss Smart, president of the Heliconians, assisted by Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, received in the Turkish room, the half-hundred members who were keen to meet the little slim wizard of the strings who arrived so simply and modestly to accept their homage. Miss Marie Hall is the most absolutely unaffected and unconscious great artist I have ever had the joy of knowing, and the company on Monday quickly felt her personal charm. In the evening, many of them were at Massey Hall to have the impression deepened and clinched, so to speak. Miss Lonie Basche, who is the unaffected and enthusiastic artist of the ivory keys, was sharing honors on both occasions with the dainty maiden of the violin. Miss Marie Hall wore a heavy white lace gown, with coin spots embroidered, and rich medallions of work about the hem, and peacock blue satin belt and shoes. How many times she was called back I have forgotten to count, but if there are any whole white kid gloves in Havergal College, I should prize the name of their maker. Havergal girls who occupied seats near the stage on the ground floor, were a party of "claqueres" who would win the heart and the encores of any artist, and who did noble work on Monday evening. Others who took a good deal of exercise of the same sort were Baron de Champ, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. and Miss FitzGibbon, Dr. Walter Wright, the Misses Phillips, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Miss Carter, Mr. Stuart Grier, Mr. Tom George, Lady Dorothy Smyly, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mr. Jennings, Mrs. and Miss Millichamp, Mr. Sydney Fellowes, Miss Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. James Elmsley, Miss Boulton, Miss Matthews, Miss Falconbridge, the Misses Cox, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Mrs. Boulton, the Misses C. and E. Boulton, Miss Smith, of London, England; Dr. and Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. Dickson, Mr. Long Innis, Mr. G. A. Case, Mrs. Scott-Raff, Dr., Mrs. and Miss McPhedran, Mr. McMaster, Mrs. Fenton Arnton, Mr. and Mrs. L. McMurray, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and the Misses Hume Blake, Mrs. and Miss Pigott, Miss Gooderham, of Deancroft; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wilson, Mrs. Scott Waldie, Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank; the Misses Wilkes, and hundreds of other music lovers. After the concert, Miss Marie Hall held quite a *levee* behind the scenes, and very pleasantly responded to the onslaught of an autograph fiend of the male persuasion, armed with a fountain pen. Mr. Harold Bealey, who is a very good looking baritone, shared in the verbal bouquets which were being offered to the ladies of the little company. Miss Marie Hall did not say good-bye but *au revoir*, as she is coming back to Toronto in April. Her art grows with her, and she has changed a good deal from the fluffy haired little girl as we saw her first some years ago. The hair is now snugly rolled on a pompadour about her head, and the old trick of tossing it back has forsaken her. But however coiffed or gowned, she is still Marie Hall, and queen of our hearts and ears forever.

The opening of the Canadian Art Club's second exhibition of paintings took place with due *eclat* on Saturday night, when the honorary president, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, presided, and Mr. E. F. B. Johnston gave an address which would have cost something if the old court room hadn't become an Art Gallery. Mr. Johnston is a judicious collector of pictures himself, and his remarks were to the point. The artists are probably surfeited with compliments by this time, and as one man remarked, one can scent success in the air! The charm of the pictures was supplemented by some dainty refreshments on opening night, and on several afternoons some of the prominent ladies of the social set are giving tea and trimmings to those who attend the exhibition. The hostesses on Monday were Lady Whitney, Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh; Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, and Mrs. Homer Watson, and a large crowd of visitors enjoyed a cup of tea and some fascinating home-made cake from Rohallion with other good things. The table was centered with a huge vase of calla lilies and daffodils, with vases of daffodils arranged about it. Mrs. Willmot Matthews assisted Mrs. Osler, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons were among the visitors. On Wednesday, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, and Mrs. Ramsay Wright were the hostesses. The visitors have been too numerous to give their names in this column.

Mr. Horatio Walker, who came up from New York for the opening of the Canadian Art Club Exhibition, returned home on Monday afternoon.

Sir Charles Lucas, K.C.M.G., C.B., head of the Dominion Department of the Colonial Office leaves London this week to pay a visit to the chief towns in Australasia. He will be accompanied by Mr. A. A. Pearson, C.M.G., a distinguished ex-official of the Colonial Office. This important new departure (says a London news despatch) is a direct outcome of the suggestion made at the Imperial Conference, when the desirability of the heads of the Colonial Office being in personal touch with Ministers in the Colonies was emphasized. A visit will be paid to the Fiji Islands, and Sir Charles will probably return via Canada, though his visit here will not be official. He is expected to be absent about six months, but he has been given absolute freedom as to his movements.

Sir John Fisher, head of the British Navy, has a son, Cecil, who has just come into a large fortune of £311,742, left by Mr. Joseph Vavasseur, C.B., who was a director of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., and the inventor of numerous improvements in military and naval ordinance. Sir John Fisher is to have £1,000, and his son is to have the fortune on condition that he assumes the name of Vavasseur.

REA'S STORE FOR WOMEN

MILLINERY SUPREMACY

We are showing a complete assemblage of the newest millinery, embracing all the desired shapes, styles and trimmings.

Rea's millinery section takes the same high plane toward fashion and value satisfaction that has been well exemplified throughout the store.

And you'll appreciate the exclusiveness and excellent taste displayed in every creation.

Choosing Time Now—Everything Ready.

A. E. REA & Co. LIMITED
168 YONGE STREET - - - - TORONTO

Stop Grippe at Cook's Baths

An Ounce of Prevention

If you feel that "Grippe" feeling coming on don't wait "to see." Come right to Cook's Turkish Baths and stop it by nature's own process—perspiration.
You can come in here after office hours, have a pleasant, exhilarating Turkish Bath, a dainty supper, leave early for home, or stay all night, waking up the next morning feeling a new man.
Try it once, you will always cure your colds and Grippe at Cook's.

202 and 204 KING ST. WEST

Is Worth a Pound of Cure

SPRING SHOW
Monday and Tuesday Next, March 8 and 9

SWIFT & CO.

Creators of Fancy Gowns and Suits FOR Exclusive People

No Two Gowns or Suits Designed or Built Alike

688 Spadina Ave.
Phone College 5650

AMBEROL RECORDS *for* The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The greatest improvement in sound-reproducing instruments was made when Mr. Edison invented Amberol Records for the Edison Phonograph

No one thing has added so much to the pleasure of the Edison Phonograph as a Record which plays more than four minutes, and reproduces the melody or voice so clearly and perfectly that the illusion almost defies detection.

Edison Amberol Records are the same size as the ordinary Edison Records. They can be played upon any Edison Phonograph by the addition of an attachment which any dealer can supply and any dealer can affix.

Longer selections are now available for the Edison Phonograph than have ever been available before for any sound-reproducing machine, and these selections are better given.

No Edison Phonograph outfit is complete without the attachment to play Edison Amberol Records.

You can hear these new Records at any dealer's. Learn about the attachment and equip your Phonograph with it today. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, you can now buy one which plays both styles of Records—the two-minute and four-minute.

We will be glad to send to anyone, however, a booklet describing the new attachment, describing the Amberol Records, giving a list of the music now available on these Records and giving all the other information necessary to make it possible for you to get more than twice as much enjoyment out of your Edison Phonograph as you are now getting.

We Desire Good, Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

National Phonograph Company, 113 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U.S.A.

Canadian Supply Depots
Edison Phonographs and Records
THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED
143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
121 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
(In connection with the N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R.)

Spring Vacation Excursion
TO
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Tuesday, March 23, 1909

ROUND TRIP... $11.00 FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Tickets good going on regular trains connecting with FAST TRAINS LEAVING BUFFALO
9.00 A.M. 7.30 P.M. 10.45 P.M.

Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains within eleven days, and to stop-off at Baltimore or Philadelphia, affording an opportunity to visit
ATLANTIC CITY
SIMILAR EXCURSION APRIL 7

For tickets and additional information, apply to Ticket Agents, N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R., or B. P. Fraser, P.A.B.D., 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Blow, blow thou wintry wind!

'CAMP' COFFEE

keeps out the cold. A cup for breakfast puts things right till dinner time and then —'CAMP' again.

It's made in a minute, and a more fragrant, comforting, refreshing, beverage is impossible. Your grocer sells 'Camp' Coffee.

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

SOCIETY

THE blizzard and snowstorm on Wednesday interfered somewhat with three or four small teas, but guests who know they are to meet only a few intimates, have a greater magnet to draw them to a tea, than when they can say: "Oh, if I don't go, I shall never be missed." Therefore, one popular host who asked less than a score of girl and men friends, was able to welcome nearly all of them in his bachelor den. The ladies arrived by car or coupe, and the men tramped through the drifts, but all stress of weather was forgotten when they entered the small parlor, and saw the host in the ante-chamber struggling with the ordeal of tea-making. The bachelor's tea is always hot and strong, and his cakes and candies beyond compare. Outside the snow gently covered everything until drivers and coupes and horses were just so many different shaped mounds of white. It is lovely in the suburbs on a day like Wednesday.

Mrs. McIntyre gave a pretty small tea on Wednesday in her suite at the Alexandra, in honor of Mrs. Matheson, a connection of hers, and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, of Edmonton, whose visit in Toronto has been made so pleasant by the attentions of her friends that she regrets to bring it to a close to-day. Mrs. McIntyre received in a smart pale blue gown, relieved with white, and had decorated her dainty drawing-room with pink tulips. Tea was served from a prettily decorated table in an adjoining room. Mrs. Alton Garratt sang very well, particularly that touching Scottish song, "My Ain Folk," and thereby greatly pleased several Scottish ladies. Among the guests were Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. and Miss McLaren, Mrs. Allen Ramsay, Miss Lily Ellis, who assisted, Mrs. Rumsey, of St. Marys, and several others.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston received in her new home on Tuesday afternoon, and dozens of her friends hastened to wish her long life and happiness therein. Mr. Johnston has had a fine living room built out from the south side of the grey stone mansion, where the visitors were lost in admiration of its many artistic treasures and spacious comfort. Miss Jessie Johnston received with her mother. As a winter or summer home, the new residence of Mr. Johnston is equally desirable, as, in common with the other places on the east side of lower St. George street, it has a fine bit of ground and trees at the rear, where one has memories of delightful *al fresco* wedding feasts at the marriage of the daughters of its former occupant, Mrs. McArthur.

Mrs. Boyd (*nee* Jarvis) has returned from Winnipeg, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wallace Helliwell. The stork recently flew north with the gift of a fine girl baby to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Helliwell, who are popular ex-Torontonians. Mr. Helliwell was recently in Toronto for a short time, looking very well, and quite in love with the West.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis is now residing at 28 Nanton Crescent, Rosedale.

Mrs. McMurrich gave a bridge and tea this week.

Mrs. Harold Bickford gave a very pretty luncheon at her parents' home one day this week.

A tea was given one afternoon last week in the Palm room of the King Edward by Miss Leslie, of New York, who returned to Gotham on Friday.

The usual Lenten exodus to the South, the various health resorts, and the rest cures is in vogue for the bridge-dance-luncheon-and-tea-wearied mondaines. Quite a number are arranging to spend a little holiday at St. Catharines or Preston, and there are others going far afloat to Bermuda or the West Indies.

Mr. John Kay and Miss Edith Kay are in the South, and will remain away for some weeks.

The engagement of Dr. Lionel Pritchard and Miss Muriel Smith is announced in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald's many friends are delighted to see her quite restored to health and able to enjoy a ride into the country. The fair equestriennes tell me that riding in the snow is most exhilarating and delightful. A fair young lady rider who enjoys a canter with her papa, is Miss Norah Blake, daughter of Mr. Hume Blake. She is becoming a very fine equestrienne.

The hostesses of the Canadian Art Club exhibition for tea this afternoon will be Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock.

Mr. and Mrs. Eade Chadwick sail on the 27th for a two-months' trip abroad.

Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth has returned from Preston Springs.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY REGISTERED

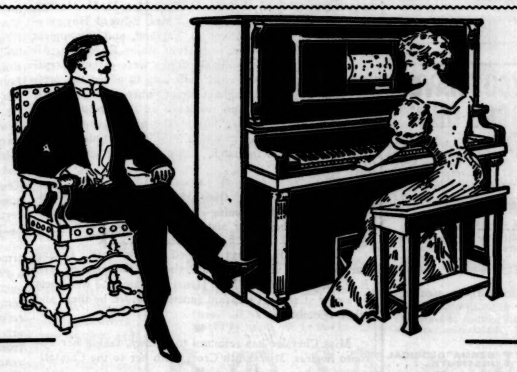
NEW SPRING STYLES
—IN—
HATS, SUITS, COATS and WAISTS
—AT—
Fairweathers

Our first complete showing affords the opportunity of judging the new styles in their very best—individual creations from New York, Paris and London, which cannot be seen elsewhere.

All the beauty of the Directoire is expressed in a new way that adds real distinction. Straight lines predominate and are expressed in hipless effects, high waists and smart cutaway and pointed coat fronts. Variety is a feature and the new hats run from smallest to large effects and drooping shapes.

INVITATION—We cordially invite inspection and comparison. Those who come to see are as welcome as those who buy.

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED
84-86 YONGE STREET



New Scale Williams Player Piano
One of the Musical Marvels of the Century

DID you ever stop to think how wonderful the New Scale Williams Player Piano really is? Here is an instrument that plays the piano with the dexterity of a Paderewski or a Rosenthal. Here is an instrument so noble and majestic in tone—so sensitive in touch—so perfect in scale and action—that it is equally suited for the masterpieces of Beethovan, Mozart, Bach and Liszt and the exquisite melodies of Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann. Here is an instrument that does all the mechanical part of piano playing for you, and enables you to devote *all your thoughts to the beauty of the music.*

The player attachment may be thrown off in an instant and the New Scale Williams Piano is ready for hand playing.

Our booklets describe and illustrate both the New Scale Williams Piano and Player Piano. Write for free copies.

SOLD ON OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

143 YONGE ST THE R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO LIMITED. TORONTO.

WIRE FENCING

Owing to the rapid increase in the export business of the Page Wire Fence Company, of Walkerville, Ontario, since the introduction of its "Empire" white fencing for railway, farm and ranch use, it has been thought best to have the foreign business handled by a company of a name similar to that of the fencing, and to this end The Empire Fence Export Company, Limited, has been formed. It is owned and controlled by the same people as the old company. The head office and factory will be at Walkerville, Ontario.

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

GLYNN—At 24 Montrose Ave., Toronto, on Wednesday, March 3, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Glynn, a daughter.

MACDONALD—At Hamilton, on Friday, Feb. 26th, 1909, at 310 John street south, the wife of Stewart C. Macdonald, of a daughter.

BROWN—On February 19, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Brown, at 200 Pape avenue, a daughter.

HANNA—At Pin-gi, Province of Yunnan, China, on Thursday, Feb. 18, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hanna of the China Inland Mission, a son.

MARRIAGES.

BOYLE-CLOTHIER—At the Church of St. John the Divine, Indian Head, Saskatchewan, on Wednesday, March 3, 1909, by the Rev. McAdam Harding, Archdeacon of Qu'Appelle, Arthur Edward Boyle, of Winnipeg, to Ray Evelyn, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Clothier, of Kemptville, Ont.

COWDRY-ROSS—On March 3, by Rev. D. C. Hossack, at Port Perry, Ont., Harry Charles Cowdry to Grace Marion Ross.

MURRAY-ROBINSON—On Wednesday, March 3, 1909, at Knox church, Toronto, by the Rev. A. B. Winchester, Dr. David Cameron Murray, M.A., of Cargill, Ont., to Lucy Louise, daughter of the late Charles Robinson, of New Mills, N.B.

McVITTY-KING—On the 1st March, at St. Stephen's church, by the Rev. A. J. Broughall, Mary Lillan, youngest daughter of Geo. H. G. McVitty, of Toronto, to Arthur Cecil, youngest son of Frederick J. King, of Manchester, Eng.

ROSE-SCHMUCK—At Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday, Feb. 20, 1909, Frederic W. Rose, to Marie L. Schmuck, both of Toronto.

DEATHS.

DAVISON—Suddenly, on the 27th of February, at Picton, Arthur B. Davison, son of W. F. Davison, in his 38th year.

SHORTT—At the residence of his son-in-law, Mortimer Atkinson, Esq., Brockville, Ont., on Friday, Feb. 26, 1909, Rev. William Shortt, B.D.

BIXEL—At Calgary, Alberta, on the 27th of February, Kenneth Fleming, aged 27, beloved son of Mary Lesslie Bixel, and grandson of the late John Fleming, M.P.P., of Galt, Ont.

HARGRAFT—Suddenly, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. W. G. Goodenham, Toronto, on March 3, 1909, Mary Ross, widow of the late William Hargraft, of Cobourg, Ont., in her 79th year.

THE NAME
COSGRAVE
SIGNIFIES
SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all Licensed Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

SPRING CURTAIN CLEANING The dirt of winter needs to be taken out of your Curtains. Let us save you that much work and worry in the spring housecleaning.
Phone for our waggon.

R. PARKER & CO.
Cleaners and Dyers - TORONTO
791 and 791 Yonge St., 89 King St. W., 471 and 1524 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

WEEKLY FIRST-CLASS SERVICE.
St. John, N.B., to Liverpool.

	St. John	Halifax
Hesperian	Mar. 13th	
Virginian	" 19th	Mar. 20th
Tunisian	" 27th	
Victorian	Apl. 2nd	Apl. 3rd

Winter Rates Effective till Apl. 30th.

PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS.
Montreal to Liverpool.

Pisican.	May 7th	June 4th	July 2nd
Virginian	May 14th	June 11th	July 9th
Tunisian	May 21st	June 18th	July 16th
Victorian.	May 28th	June 25th	July 23rd

All Steamers fitted with Wireless and Submarine Deep Sea Signalling System.

RATES OF PASSAGE.
First-Class, $77.50 and upwards
Turbine Steamers, $87.50 and upwards
Second-Class, $45, $47.50 and $50

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW.
MONTREAL TO HAVRE AND LONDON

For full particulars of all Allan Line Sailings and Rates apply to
"THE ALLAN LINE."
77 Yonge St., Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
DOUBLE MORNING AND EVENING MONTREAL SERVICE
7.30 and 9 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m.
Evening trains connect at Montreal with Intercolonial Railway for points in Maritime Provinces.
EXCELLENT EQUIPMENT
SMOOTH ROADBED
Only Double Track Line
A double-track line contributes to safety. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, phone Main 4209.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, SEATTLE, PORTLAND
$41.05
FROM TORONTO
Second-Class One-Way
Tickets honored in tourist sleepers on payment of berth rates.
DAILY UNTIL APRIL 30th.
Apply at nearest C P.R Ticket Office for further information.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
As its original charter dates from 1854, the Home Bank may justly claim the stability that long establishment ensures.
SIX OFFICES IN TORONTO

ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS
Art Galleries 165 King St. W.
37th Annual Exhibition of Paintings.
NOW OPEN
ADMISSION 25c.

The Season for Making Marmalade Has Commenced.
We have received the first shipment of selected Bitter Oranges and offer our customers a well-tried old Scotch recipe which hundreds use every year with excellent results.
MICHIE & CO.
Limited
7 KING ST. WEST

The Unheeded Call.

(*Continued from page 9.*)

but she moved her hands restlessly and her feet kept bobbing in and out from under her skirt. And still the *Cure* never came. They waited and waited but no sign of him. This could not go on forever, and at last Ninon got up and hurried to the door.

"I'm going to be a priest," said Philippe, suddenly, and he was startled at his own words. They sounded so strange, they seemed to him to come from nowhere. "I am going to—to be a missionary to the cannibals—and be eaten."

"Well—well, *Monsieur Lajoie*, I—I hope you will be happy," said poor Ninon in a thin little voice as she clung to the door-knob.

"Yes, yes, it is you who will be happy then—when I am a martyr."

"Why—why, Philippe—*m'sieu Lajoie*—I don't want—I am not sending you to the cannibals."

"Yes, you are. You have broken my heart flirting with that Henri Brosseau, and now I will devote my life to God. Then you can marry Henri—and—and you can laugh when I am dead."

This was horrible, and Ninon's voice quivered.

"I won't marry—Henri. I don't want to marry anyone—I am going to be a nun."

"A nun! You a nun, in a convent, with black clothes! *Oh, mon Dieu*, a nice nun you would be."

Ninon flared up.

"Well, do you think you would look nice in a pot, *hein?*" And then the absurdity of it struck her and she started to laugh and also to cry, and between the two she had to sit down again and hide her face in her hands.

"Laugh—go on and laugh," said Philippe bitterly. "That is all you care. You have no heart. I am glad I have found it out in time."

"I have as much heart as you. If you had a heart you would not speak to me the way you did just because I walked home with Henri when there was no other way for me to do. And you did not let me explain, but just called me coquette and all that."

And poor Ninon began to cry softly. This was a hard thing for even a prospective martyr to stand. Philippe fidgetted and stammered for a moment or two, and then did the wisest thing possible under the circumstances. He sidled over and sat down beside her. His arm slipped around her, and in a very short time her head was on his shoulder and he was murmuring consolation.

The door worked on a very easy hinge. Perhaps that is why they were so very much astonished by the *Cure's* "ahem!" They jumped to their feet and then stood looking extremely foolish and shame-faced.

"*Bonsoir, mes enfants!*" he said drily.

They mumbled some kind of answer.

"*Eh bien*, Philippe, I suppose you still want to go and be a missionary to the cannibals, *hein?*"

"*Oh, m'sieu*—do you think—I am worthy to—to be a martyr?"

"I think you would make a very nice little fricasee, *mon garcon*. What do you think, Ninon, you who are going to be a nun?"

What was there to do except hang one's head and look very pretty and self-conscious? But the *Cure* had had his little joke, and he was inclined to be merciful, after he had one more.

"Well, *mes enfants*, I have thought about this matter, and I think you ought really to receive the sacrament."

They looked up in affright, for his tone was ominous.

"Yes, the sacrament. But not the sacrament of Holy Orders. I think Matrimony would be better—and that soon."

It would be a long story to tell how they laughed then and blushed and stammered, and how they had to coax Ninon to let it be soon. But finally they were sent off home through a twilight world of glory and of mystery. And the *Cure* stood at the gate and watched them as they passed on with the stars over their heads. The smile died off his face and his eyes grew sombre as he looked. Perhaps he was thinking of the sorrow that might lie in wait for these two now so happy. Perhaps, too, he was thinking that his own study was very lonely. It may be that long ago there was another Ninon—but, horrors, what are we saying? At any rate he gave Zabette a very short answer when she tried to find out what had occurred.

A writer in Canada-West has this to say about Winnipeg women:

And the women look so young! You ask me why? It's the air. Good pure air, cold enough to make you walk fast, stimulating enough to make you feel as Billy Baxter says, "Just like touching the high places." This with wholesome living and not too long hours, makes for long life and youthfulness in Winnipeg.

I knew you would notice the familiarity of the people. There is ample reason for it. A few years ago, as I have said, Winnipeg was a village. The women pioneers, and they were a brave lot, met conditions with smiles where grumblings and frowns were to be expected. They joined with each other to make the best of everything and evolved a society which in the early days was like a family gathering. This is the spirit which has been handed down, and it is this more than any other characteristic that has made society in Winnipeg different, in that it is genuine.

There are many links in the chain of life here: the true Winnipeg set, the charitable set, the American set; but each link is within the next link, and all combine with equal strength to make the chain. Winnipeg society is purely local. Other cities are at too great a distance to affect the ideas or the interests here. Winnipeg does as it chooses and does it well.

Instances of expulsion from the Royal Academy in England are so extremely rare that the compulsory resignation of Alfred Gilbert, one of the most gifted of British sculptors, deserves more than passing mention. Gilbert's work qualified him in every respect for membership in the academy, and amongst his most famous works are his statute of Queen Victoria at Winchester, his memorial to the Duke of Clarence at Windsor; his Icarus, his Perseus, his Kiss of Victory, and also in the beautiful epergne which he made for Queen Victoria and which is now among the treasures of Windsor castle. But he is shown to have made a common practice of accepting money for commissions and then neglecting to execute the work, on the ground that it no longer appealed to his artistic sense. Among his principal victims have been Mrs. Frankau, the novelist, who writes under the name of Frank Danby, and the late Sir Henry Irving, while in one of the grossest cases the victim was actually one of the very members of the Royal Academy, who had voted for his election. A few years before this Royal academician, who appreciated Gilbert's talent, purchased of him a beautiful silver statuette. Gilbert borrowed the statuette under the plea of copying it for presentation to the academy, and, having secured possession in this way, not only preserved the original, but neglected to make a replica thereof, or to return the money which he had been paid for it.

Of course, conduct such as this rendered his remaining in England impossible and for some time past he has been living at Bruges.

The free lessons in Decorative Art Embroidery as given by the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., will be continued until March 12th. These are being conducted under the expert tuition of Miss R. J. Barrett, who has recently returned from Europe after having had in charge for the Government, the Art Section for Canada at the Franco-British Exhibition. This is an opportunity that everyone who possibly can should avail themselves of.

Cupid figures as the janitor in the majority of air castles.—Life.

The Most Successful Spring Millinery Opening Ever Known in Toronto

THE response to our invitation was prompt and enthusiastic. The women of Toronto came eagerly to see and buy the "creations" we had prepared for their delectation.

We want you to realize that what we have done during the past week in our Millinery Department by no means exhausts the resources at our command. In fact, it is but a foretaste of the good things that are daily arriving in our show rooms.

The position that OUR Millinery occupies in the fashion world is good warrant for the respect that all "Feminine" Toronto pays to our ideas in the matter of millinery modes.

THE DUTCH POKE BONNET EFFECT is an important feature, with its long streamers of velvet ribbon, intended to drape carelessly over the shoulders.

It is, of course, well known that the early Victorian period is contributing much of its tendency to the hats of 1909. The high rolling crown, for instance, is a certainty amongst the styles that will prevail for some months to come.

The four strong colors for the present season are to be PRUNELLA, DUTCH BLUE, STEEL GREY and WOOD ROSE.

AMONG OTHER FEATURES ARE

NOVELTY STRAWS, among which may be specially mentioned the Chrysanthemum Braid.

MEPHISTO WINGS, which are used principally in conjunction with street hats.

THE PREVAILING BLACK AND TAN COMBINATIONS—so becoming to most women.

AND THE MARKED FAVOR shown those hats, the principal feature of which is the "banking" of very small flowers at one side of the crown.

To attempt any complete resume of the novelties that this season affords would be to strive after the impossible. The only way to obtain, within a reasonable length of time, any idea of the styles sanctioned by the leading Modistes of Paris, is to pay a visit to our "White Salon," and see for yourself the dreams in color and style; the perfect examples of the designers' skill; the unique Paris models; the fascinating straw street hats that are now displayed in all the profusion of this, our biggest and greatest Millinery Opening.

MONDAY, MARCH 8TH, WE CLEAR ALL OUR FRENCH PATTERN HATS HALF PRICE.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

OPERA AT HOME

How often have you sat at the concert or opera and wished that you could go home and play the music over and over again to your heart's content!

But you hadn't the necessary skill.

Let the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
SELF PLAYING PIANO

provide the skill. Any one can play it.

With this self-playing piano at hand you only need to insert the roll of music you wish to hear and there again are the beautiful, familiar notes.

Remember, that no concert or operatic selection is outside the scope of the GERHARD HEINTZMAN, which, in distinction to many instruments of indifferent value, *commands the whole eighty-eight notes of the pianoforte.*

Your present instrument taken as part payment and easy terms arranged for the balance.

Our beautiful Player-Piano Booklet will be mailed free to any persons sending us their name and address.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited
97 Yonge Street, Toronto

Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East.

Something New. Something Good. Regular 15c quality, in condensed size

"Waltz Dream"

MATINEES

10 genuine hand-made little Havana Cigars in a Box for 25c
Just the thing for a short smoke. TRY THEM.

A. Clubb & Sons, "Sole Distributors" **5 King St. West**

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

No brand could obtain the high reputation of

B.B.B. PIPES

except by reason of "Highest Quality."

LOVE JAPANESE ART?

This is the greatest sale of Japanese art goods ever held in Toronto. We have moved all the stock of the Oriental Emporium from 39 King West to our permanent headquarters opposite King Edward Hotel. We are selling

$15,000 of Japanese Goods
AT COST OR BELOW

This enormous collection of Art Goods consists of—

PORCELAIN,	UMBRELLA STANDS,	BRONZE FIGURES,
SATSUMA,	COSTLY SCREENS,	BRONZE GONGS,
CLOISONNE,	TEAKWOOD TABLES,	CARVED IVORY,
VASES,	CARVED WOOD TABLES,	BRASSWARE,
JARDINIERES,	JARDINIERE STANDS,	KIMONAS.

This new addition makes such a mass of objects collected in our warerooms, we are much inconvenienced for space. We simply must clear most of it out even at a financial loss. Please come and help yourself at actual cost or even below, in many cases. Art lovers will find this store a Mecca for everything in the way of rugs and brassware. Sale continues all this month. Write for our illustrated Rug Book—free.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 King St. East. Opp. King Edward Hotel

Watson's

Scotch Whisky

Agents—McGaw & Russell, Toronto—Telephone M. 2647

The Sign of Good Bread

IS THE EAGERNESS WITH WHICH PEOPLE EAT IT

Try a Loaf of TOMLIN'S

on your table and you will be surprised how quickly it will disappear, even though your family are not usually big bread eaters. That's a sign the bread is much better than they are used to getting.

PHONE COLLEGE 3561

H. G. TOMLIN 420 Bathurst St.

What Canadian Editors are Saying

It must be a source of some considerable satisfaction to Canadians to realize that the present conditions and the future prospects of their country are matters of serious concern at home and abroad. Some of the British newspapers a short time ago published a statement to the effect that Lord Milner or some other high imperialist came to this country, discovered a strong movement in the direction of annexation to the United States and, alone and unassisted, checked and killed the undesirable sentiment. The following, taken from the New York Evening Press proves that the mother land is not the only nation that is watching our progressive career with a great deal of interest: A writer in Tour du Mond, a Paris publication, has been looking over Canada and finds that it has "gone Yankee." The newspapers are "steeped in Yankee slang" and the Canadian women follow the fashions of New York instead of those of Paris. All British characteristics have passed away or are rapidly passing, and baseball flourishes where once cricket grew. Only in the Canadian-French portion of the population does the writer see any hope for the saving of the Dominion from being entirely "Yankeefied." The writer in the Tour du Mond is disposed to wail about it; but really is it such a bad thing for Canada after all? The Canadians do not seem to feel so.—Victoria Times.

* * *

An English paper has inquired of many distinguished men as to the number of hours they sleep. Some find three or four hours enough, others seven or eight. Sir Charles Wyndham replied that he sleeps until he wakes up, no matter how long it is. A wise course on the part of Sir Charles; it is a dangerous thing to get up while asleep.—Bobcaygeon Independent.

* * *

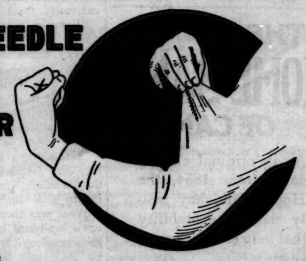
The practice of money lending has been prevalent so long in this city, especially in connection with the civil service, that borrowing has got a hold on many people almost like the opium habit.—Ottawa Citizen.

* * *

If anyone will refer to the map, he cannot fail to be struck with the continuity of the series of lakes which extends north-westerly across Canada from the head of Lake Superior. Discarding the Great Lakes themselves, this is the most important series of fresh water bodies in the world.—Victoria Colonist.

* * *

The Malone trial was extraordinary in two respects. First, it revealed a police officer as a fiendish criminal, preying on the community he had sworn to protect, and second, there was no plea of insanity.—London Advertiser.



Ellis SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR

You Can't Pull This Underwear Out of Shape

When you've stretched an Ellis Garment as far as it will stretch, and then release it the elasticity is so remarkable that it immediately springs back into shape.

THE Ellis SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNSHRINKABLE

THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

All Pilsener Lager is not necessarily O'Keefe's Pilsener. The word Pilsener denotes the celebrated process of brewing originated in the town of Pilsen, Germany.

O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager The Beer with a Reputation

is brewed after the true formula. It is the original "Light Beer in the Light Bottle," brewed only from pure barley, malt, choicest hops and filtered water—filtered after it is brewed and pasteurized after it is bottled.

Look Out For Substitutes
Look for the "O'K." on the bottle.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.